

M. C. Halliday
Ardarach

Rothesay.

If I should wake alone through endless years,
I shall have caught the laughter of a star,
Praised the music of the wandering spheres.

It is enough to have given as I gave,
With trumpets flaring & broad flags unfurled,
To have dreamed that we were stronger than the grave,
To have believed that we were wiser than the world.

It is enough to have known the perfect hour,
To have drunk the swift, mad wine of our desire,
To have seen love blossom like a magic flower,
And laid our fingers on the winged lyre.

It is enough though silence be the rest,
Nor any dawn for me let laughter though:
I shall have stood upon the high world's crest,
I shall have glimpsed the vagrant soul of you.

June 193

A BOOK OF
TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

A BOOK OF
TWENTIETH-CENTURY
SCOTS VERSE

Selected by
WILLIAM ROBB

LONDON AND GLASGOW
GOWANS & GRAY, LTD.

1925

PREFACE

There are those who hold that Scottish poetry died with Burns. All later work, they maintain, is but the flicker of a dying flame, bright, perhaps, but lacking the elements that make for permanence.

Fortunately, there are others, less hopeless, who see in the verse of living writers of Scots that which arouses in their hearts the conviction that for the vernacular poetry of Scotland there is still a future. To these it is hoped that this anthology will appeal.

Various collections of Scottish verse have been published in the last half-century, some of them of great interest and value. The present anthology differs from most of its predecessors in some important respects. To begin with, no poems in English are included. Not that Scots writers have not to their credit some fine English verse: other anthologies shew that they have. But the Scot desires at times to dwell with his own folk, and linger amid the characteristic charms of his own tongue.

The poems selected have all been published since the twentieth century began, and they are arranged in the chronological order of their first publication. Thus they cannot but reflect, more or less

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truly, the nature of these times. Every effort has been made to discover and to indicate the date and the place of the first publication of each poem. A few appear here for the first time.

The text, in the case of living authors, embodies their latest revision. Until something is done to standardize the spelling of Scots it seems reasonable to adopt in each case the poet's own form, which presumably represents with some accuracy the local pronunciation. In the biographical index will be found the district from which each writer comes, and thus an indication is given of the dialect which may be regarded as his mother tongue.

The sole criterion adopted in determining whether a poem should be included has been poetic merit. No poem has been selected about which the editor had not the feeling that it was worth preserving, not as an interesting exercise in dialect, or as a touching expression of sentiment, but simply as a piece of genuine poetry. The editor does not expect all his readers to agree with his judgement, but he feels that they have a right to know on what principle the selection has been made. It cannot be gainsaid that the present century has given us much that need not fear comparison with the work of earlier and perhaps more famous periods.

It must be obvious to all that such an anthology can be compiled only by the good will, and with the aid, of many kindly writers and publishers. The editor desires here to thank most cordially all the writers and publishers who have made the book possible. It is pleasant to record that in every case permission to include poems was freely given by author and publisher alike. Many writers were good enough to suggest that extracts might be made from other works than their

own, and a large number of correspondents gave most useful assistance. Among those to whom a special debt of thanks is due are Mr. William Will of *The Graphic*, Professor Alexander Gray of Aberdeen University, and Miss Mary Symon of Pittyvaich, who have for two or three years given willing and valuable counsel. Even more is due to the arduous and unremitting work of the publisher, Mr. Adam L. Gowans, who has taken on himself the laborious and difficult task of disentangling and demonstrating the chronology of the poems, and who has also made most useful contributions towards the selection.

It is hoped that readers will not only find old friends among the writers, but also make new ones. The task of selection has been by no means light. It has involved the rejection of hundreds of poems, many of which are not without merit: it has implied much very pleasant correspondence with writers of Scots verse in every part of the country: it has left the editor with a very great respect for the enthusiasm which stimulates so many, in Scotland and out of it, to do something to preserve the Scottish tongue from extinction. At times one felt inclined to wish that poets would write fewer poems, but pay more strict attention to formal correctness. One felt that too many writers regarded Scots as merely a medium for slap-dash fugitive expression rather than for serious composition.

It is almost certain that in the survey some fine poems have been omitted. In fact one or two of the best were discovered almost by accident. If any reader can point to such omissions, he will be doing the editor a favour, especially should a second edition of the book be required.

Some readers may wonder why certain poets such as Andrew Lang

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and "J. B. Selkirk" are not represented. The reason is that these two really belong to last century, and they would be inadequately represented by the reproduction of any of the very few of their poems which were published after the century began.

W.R.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON (p. 156). Native of Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Has published *An Old-World Sorrow and Other Sonnets* (The Caxton Press, Aberdeen), 1903, and several other volumes of poetry.

MARION ANGUS (pp. 157, 159, 164, 174, 184, 189, 206, 208, 209, 210). Native of Aberdeen. Spent her childhood in Arbroath. Author of *The Lilt and Other Verses* (Wyllie, Aberdeen), 1922; *The Tinker's Road and Other Verses* (Gowans & Gray), 1924.

ROBERT BAIN (p. 150). A native of Glasgow. Has published *In Glasgow Streets* (Henry Nicol, Glasgow), 1898; *The Lost Eurydice* (Hodge, Glasgow), 1902; and a play, *James the First of Scotland* (MacLehose, Glasgow), 1921.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN (p. 6), 1869-1902. The well-known author of *The House with the Green Shutters*.

JOHN BROWN (pp. 211, 212). Native of Fauldhouse, Linlithgowshire. English Master in Strathaven Academy.

JOHN BUCHAN (pp. 91, 93, 95). The well-known novelist. Author of *Poems Scots and English* (Jack), 1917, and many works in prose.

JOHN BUCHANAN (pp. 148, 213). Native of Glasgow. Headmaster of West Coats H.G. School, Cambuslang.

J. M. BULLOCH (p. 182). Native of Aberdeen. Editor (1909-1924) of *The Graphic*. Has published *College Carols* and three privately printed volumes of verse, also several works in prose.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS (pp. 191, 216). Native of Lesmahagow. Minister of Bowling, Dumbartonshire. Author of *The Scot at Hame* (Constable), 1922, and volumes in prose.

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W. D. COCKER (pp. 183, 186, 200, 219). Native of Glasgow. Spent much of his youth near Drymen. Author of *The Dreamer and Other Poems* (Gowans & Gray), 1920.

IAN D. COLVIN (pp. 178, 180). On the editorial staff of *The Morning Post*. Born at Inverness; brought up in Auchterarder. Has published the following books of verse: *The Parliament of Beasts*, *Party Whips*, *Intercepted Letters*, *The Leprechaun's Flute*.

A. B. CORDER (pp. 220, 222), 1858-1919. Born in Shields, but was brought up and lived in Ipswich. A man of wide culture, who took special delight in things Scottish.

LEWIS COUTTS (pp. 190, 191). Native of Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Author of *Scotch Hotch Potch* (Lindsay, Aberdeen), 1923; *Caul' Nor'-East* (Lindsay, Aberdeen), 1924.

D. H. CRAWFORD (p. 201). Native of Ayr. One of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Was at one time the assistant to the Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University.

ANDREW DODDS (pp. 103, 126, 141 (2), 145, 160). Native of Midlothian. Author of *The Lothian Land*, 1917; *Songs of the Fields*, 1920; *Antrin Sangs*, 1921 (all published by *The Scottish Farm Servant*); also of *Poppies in the Corn* (Gowans & Gray), 1924.

Sir GEORGE BRISBANE SCOTT-DOUGLAS, Bart., Kelso (p. 7). Has published *Poems*, 1880; *Poems of a Country Gentleman*, 1897; *The Border Breed*, 1909, and numerous volumes in prose.

JOHN F. FERGUS, M.D. (pp. 10, 71, 81). Native of Glasgow. Author of *The Sodger and Other Verses* (Gowans & Gray), 1916.

J. A. FERGUSON (p. 105). Native of Callander, Perthshire. Author of *On Vimy Ridge and Other Poems* (Gowans & Gray), 1916, and of three novels. To be distinguished from Mr. John Ferguson of Stirling, author of *Thyrea*.

ALEXANDER GRAY (pp. 147, 152, 153, 154, 173, 176, 178). Native of Forfarshire. Has published *Songs and Ballads, chiefly from Heine* (Grant Richards), 1920; *Any Man's Life* (Blackwell, Oxford), 1924.

“HUGH HALIBURTON” (p. 78). Pen name of J. Logie Robertson (1846-1922), a well-known *littérateur*. He published several volumes of poems, of which the best known is *Horace in Homespun* (Paterson, Edinburgh), 1882. A memorial volume of his Scots poems is in preparation.

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AGNES B. HARVEY (p. 42). Born in Glasgow, but learned her Doric on the Clyde-side. Contributor to various newspapers.

THOMAS HENDERSON (p. 64). Native of Stirling. Editor of *The Scottish Educational Journal*.

HAMISH HENDRY (pp. 19, 193, 195, 198). Native of Alloa, Clackmannanshire. Has published *Red Apple and Silver Bells*, 1896; *Burns from Heaven*, 1897; *A Child's London*, 1900; and *A Scots Dominie and Other Poems* (Gowans & Gray), 1924.

JOHN HORNE (p. 88). Native of Wick. Author of *Caithnessian Poems and Plays*; *Mid-way Tracks* (Macleod, Kirkintilloch), 1917, and several books in prose.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON (pp. 110, 113, 224). Native of Kirkliston, West Lothian. Author of *Lyrics from West Lothian*, 1916, and other volumes.

VIOLET JACOB (pp. 15, 40, 46, 57, 70, 80, 121, 170). Native of Forfarshire. The well-known novelist and poetess. Her works in verse are *Songs of Angus* (Murray), 1915; *More Songs of Angus (Country Life)*, 1918; *Bonnie Joann* (Murray), 1921.

C. J. KIRK (p. 43). Native of Dumbarton. Has published *Glyde Ballads* (Hodge, Glasgow), 1910.

JAMES PITTEDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY (pp. 143, 175 (2)). Native of Aberdeenshire. King's Sculptor in Ordinary. Has published *Pro Patria*, 1915, and *Bog Myrtle and Peat Reek*, 1922.

R. J. MACLENNAN (pp. 26, 87). Native of Aberdeen. Editor of *The Glasgow Evening News*.

JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN (p. 205). Native of Lanarkshire. Has published *Scottish Earth* (Hodder), 1923.

BARBARA ROSS M'INTOSH (p. 165). Native of Aberdeenshire. Has published *Scent o' the Broom* (Macdonald, Edinburgh), 1923.

DAN M·KENZIE (pp. 131, 132, 136). A native of Larkhall, now settled in London. Has published *Pride o' Raploch* (Elkin Mathews), 1920, and numerous works on medical subjects.

"SANNY M·NEE" (pp. 90, 100). *Nom de plume* of Murray McCabe, a native of Edinburgh.

T. M·WILLIAM (p. 137). Minister of Foveran, Aberdeenshire. Has published *The Passing Days and Other Verses* (Smith, Aberdeen), 1917, and *Scottish Life in Light and Shadow* (Gardner, Paisley), 1920.

"MILREOCH" (pp. 151, 187), is the *nom de plume* of George

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MURRAY, a native of Dalmellington, Ayrshire, who has contributed many verses to newspapers and magazines.

A. MUIR (pp. 40, 130). Native of Glasgow. Has published a book of poems called *Powder and Shot* (J. P. Higgins), 1915.

NEIL MUNRO (pp. 86, 97). The famous Scottish novelist. Has written many poems, but these have never been published in collected form.

CHARLES MURRAY (pp. 13, 29, 38, 65, 85, 118, 123, 124). Native of Aberdeenshire. Author of *Hamewith* (Constable), 1900; *A Sough o' War* (Constable), 1917; *In the Country Places* (Constable), 1920.

JANETTA I. W. MURRAY (p. 226). A native of Glasgow. Has published *The Shipmakers and Other Verses* (Gowans & Gray), 1922, and *A Legendary of St. Mungo* (Gowans & Gray), 1923.

WILLIAM OGILVIE (p. 168). Native of Edinburgh.

TINSLEY PRATT (p. 101). Librarian of the Portico Library, Manchester. An Englishman who resided for some time in Edinburgh. Has published several volumes of poetry and of prose.

GILBERT RAE (pp. 98, 105, 112). Native of Biggar, Lanarkshire. Has published *'Tween Clyde and Tweed* (Erskine MacDonald), 1919, and *'Mong Lowland Hills* (Collins), 1923.

STEWART A. ROBERTSON (p. 4). Native of Midlothian. Has published *Two Voices* (MacLehose, Glasgow), 1911.

DAVID RORIE (pp. 50, 142) was born at Edinburgh and educated in Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities. Served with Highland Division 1914-1919 and gained D.S.O. and other honours. Has published *The Auld Doctor* (Constable), 1920.

"ANTHONY ROWLEY" (pp. 23, 24, 25, 58) was the *nom de plume* of Arthur Guthrie (1854-1914), who was a regular contributor of literary articles to the *Glasgow Evening News*.

A. BOYD SCOTT (p. 158). Born at Ayr. Minister of Lansdowne Church, Glasgow. Has published *Lays of the Old Clyde Shores* (Gowans & Gray), 1924, and several works in prose.

HARRY SMITH (p. 171). Minister of Old Kilpatrick. Native of Aberdeen. Has contributed to various periodicals and published several volumes.

M. C. S. (pp. 52, 228). Mrs. George Smith, daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Edgar, D.D., minister of Mauchline, Ayrshire. Born at Tongland, Kirkcudbrightshire. Now resident in Dulwich.

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J. E. STEWART (p. 101) A schoolmaster; was captain in the Border Regiment and gained the Military Cross. He published *Grapes of Thorns* (Erskine MacDonald) in September, 1917, and was reported killed shortly afterwards.

"STONEYWOOD" (pp. 117, 139). *Nom de plume* of George P. Dunbar, a native of Aberdeenshire. He has published *A Guff o' Peat Reek* (Wyllie, Aberdeen), 1920, and *A Whiff o' the Doric* (Wyllie, Aberdeen), 1922.

MARY SYMON (pp. 72, 122, 230). Native of Banffshire. Contributor to various periodicals.

ALEC WILSON, 1909 (p. 55). Born near Carsphairn in Galloway. A shepherd all his life, he wrote many verses, some of which were printed after his death in *The Gallovidian*.

WALTER WINGATE (1865-1917) (pp. 3, 17, 28, 35, 36, 42, 45, 47, 48, 49, 54, 62, 69, 79). Born at Dalry, Ayrshire, but spent his life in Lanarkshire. A frequent contributor to Scottish newspapers. See *Poems by Walter Wingate* (Gowans & Gray), 1919.

ERRATA

- P. 35, l. 5 from foot, for "Athing" read "A'thing."
- P. 56, l. 4, for "Hae" read "Has."
- P. 63, l. 11, for "piled" read "plied."
- P. 68, l. 14, for "Ging" read "Gin."
- P. 151, line 2 from foot, for "ga'ed" read "gaed."
- P. 176, l. 8, for "e'en" read "e'e."
- P. 184, l. 17, insert comma after "deil," in place of full stop.

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TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

THE DOMINIE'S HAPPY LOT

The Dominie is growing grey,
And feth he's keepit thrang
Wi' counts an' spellin' a' the day,
And liffies when they're wrang.
He dauners out at nine o'clock,
He dauners hame at four—
Frae twal to ane to eat and smoke—
And sae his day is owre !

Oh ! Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon—
A' Saturday at gowf to play,
And aye the pay gaun on !

When winter days are cauld and dark,
And dykes are deep wi' snaw,
And bairns are shiverin' owre their wark,
He shuts the shop at twa;
And when it comes to Hogmanay,
And fun comes roarin' ben,

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

And ilka dog maun tak' a day,
The Dominie tak's ten !

Oh ! Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon—
To stop the mill whene'er you will,
And aye the pay gaun on !

And when Inspectors gi'e a ca'
He tak's them roun' to dine,
And aye the upshot o' it a'—
“ The bairns are daein' fine ! ”
And sae the “ Board ” come smirkin' roun',
Wi' prizes in their haun';
And syne it's frae the end o' June
Until the Lord kens whan !

Oh ! Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon—
Sax weeks to jaunt and gallivant,
And aye the pay gaun on !

WALTER WINGATE

OOT O' THE WORLD AN' INTO KIPPEN

‘Oot o' the world, an' into Kippen,’
Eh ! Jean, d'ye mind the braes

That rise sae bonny frae the carse?

D'ye mind the summer days
When you and I were bairnies there
And never thocht we'd be
Sae far frae hame in this far land
Across the saut, saut sea?

'Oot o' the world, an' into Kippen,'

The folks wad laugh an' say.

Losh keep me! lass, hoo things come back!
It seems but yesterday
That you an' I forsook the braes,
An' owre the waters came
To settle in this weary land,
Sae far, sae far frae hame.

'Oot o' the world, an' into Kippen,'

Jean lass, if that could be!

There isna ocht I hae on earth
But I wad gladly gie
If only we could tread again
The paths where aince we ran,
Where the heather blooms on Kippen Muir
An' the braes abune Boquhan.

Oot o' this world o' noisy streets

Into that place o' calm,
Where to the hills men lift their eyes.
D'ye mind they sang that psalm

The Sabbath we were kirkit there?
 Aye, fifty years are gone,
 But ye were then the bonniest bride
 'Tween Kippen and Balfron.

Oot o' this world o' unkent things
 O that we twa could win,
 An' hear the peewEEP on the hills
 An' see the yellow whin,
 An' see the bonnie gowans smile
 As if they kent us a',
 An' welcomed us to oor ain land,
 The best land o' them a'!

'Oot o' the world, an' into Kippen.'
 Jean lass, it ne'er will be;
 The burnie's waters ne'er run back,
 Nor buds the uprooted tree;
 The fecht o' life for us is past;
 Forfochen wi' the fray,
 Oot o' this world an' into—rest,
 Ere lang we shall gae.

STEWART A. ROBERTSON

COVENANTER'S DEATH-BED

I canna dee, tho' I fain wud dee,
 For I'm tired o' the world wide,

An' nae grave will ever be rest to me
 But a grave on the green hill-side.

Bury me deep on the Bennan Hill,
 Whaur I may face the sea,
 An' sleep a lang an' blessèd sleep
 Till Christ shall wauken me.

Oh! to be quat o' life's stoury faucht
 An' this dull hot bed o' pain,
 Tae lie a' nicht in the windy waucht
 O' the clear caul' mornin' rain:—

And the whaup may skirl in the lanely sky,
 An' the sun shine miles aroon';
 And quately the stately ships gae by,
 But I'll be sleepin' soun'.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN

THE AULD-FARRAND CARTER

Of Eck the Carter's horses twae,
 The tane was broun, the tither bay;
 He yokes them in twae tidy cairts,
 Syne mounts hissel', an' aff he stairts—
 But first maun speir gin a' be richt,
 (For Ecky is ane eident wicht),

And syne maun keek lest aucht be wrang,
For Eck the-day has far to gang.

The bottom-board fixed in its place
Nae clatterin' by the way sall raise;
The cairts are scrubb'd and dichted pure
Frae speck o' coal-dust or manure;
The beasties' tails, as black's the jet,
Wi' scarlet braid are twined an' plet,
Compact and elegant and neat,
(Eck at a plait was ill to beat):

Wi' braw brass muntins polished fine
Their sleekit necks an' nodles shine,
Whiles wors'ed bobs o' rainbow dyes,
Weel-woven, sall delight the eyes,
As Eck by toon or onstead passes—
These were his presents frae the lasses.

Each dappled hide—the broun, the bay—
Is groom'd in a superior way;
Ilk foot-lock redd ilk hufe abune,
Ilk strae pick'd frae ilk horse's shoon,
Ilk strap weel-black't, ilk buckle bricht—
This was Eck's study yesternicht,
When by the lanthorn's feeble spark
He labour'd on long after dark,
Wi' paste-pots on the corn-bin set,
And brushes sma' and sma'er yet;
While in their warm dark stalls at ease

Dimant and Missock munch'd in peace.
 Their maister's voice fu' weel they ken,
 (Beasts have their sympathies like men),
 And, tho' of words but two or three
 Their whole vocabulary be,
 To these they prompt attention pay,
 And hearing hasten to obey.

Now, conscious o' a weel-pack'd load,
 Our Ecky's ready for the road;
 He grasps the rein, springs nimbly up,
 And to his leader cries Gee-hup !
 On errands a' a timely starter,
 No need for haste has Eck the Carter;
 Nor, tho' the day bring weariness
 To him, will he the horses press—
 Tho' long the way, the twilight dim,
 Serving them aye as they serve him.

MORAL

Reader of high or low degree,
 This lesson learn of Eck thro' me:
 An honest pride in work well done
 Is man's best comfort 'neath the sun.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BT.

THE PARISH DOCTOR

A grizzled beard and a frosted pow,
 Baith o' them name the waur o' a "cow;"
 An eye like a gled's, an' a heart like a King's,
 An' a heid that's jist fu' o' maist wunnerfu' things;

Things he learnt lang syne when a callant at College,
 Things he's drawn frae the heart o' the mother o'
 knowledge,
 Auld Nature, wha gi'es wi' a prodigal hand
 To her bairns when she kens that they *can* understand.

He's oot o' the fashion, he's rusty a wee,
 But nae rust can dim the bright blink o' his e'e,
 Or fyle the pure gold o' his simple auld mind,
 That's aye true and trusty, that's aye leal an' kind.

He cam', a bit lad, to the Parish lang syne,
 An' tho' but a chiel the folks likit him fine;
 He was blythe in their blytheness and wae wi' their wae,
 He was gowden-hair'd then, but noo he's grown gray,

Grown gray in the Parish; its dolours and ills
 He's treated wi' kindness, as weel as wi' pills:
 An' the ane help'd the ither to mak' for a cure,
 Baith in seats o' the mighty an' hames o' the poor.

He's gane oot in the mist an' the snaw an' the rain,
 To tend greetin' women or wee girnin' wean;

He's spar'd na himsel' nor his trusty auld shelt,
That flings rain or snaw, like a juke, frae its pelt.

Oh, the weans he's brocht hame in the mirk o' the night,
To their mammies and daddies a joy and delight!
An' the auld folks he's seen passin' oot wi' the dawn,
Like caunles on whilk the Almichty has blawn!

Gin it comes a hard winter and curlin's the ploy,
You will see the auld doctor, as brisk as a boy,
Shoother besom an' aff to the ice in a blink,
Whaur his "Soop her" 's the blythest ye hear on the rink.

When the simmer-time comes an' the evenings are lang
You will find the auld doctor the bowlers amang;
An' his cheery auld voice can often be heard,
"Hey, Mac! here's a port; noo jist lay me a gaird."

He's a gowffer the doctor, an' plays wi' his might;
He sticks to the gutty, nae Haskell nor Kite
For him or his freen's; but queer words he will mutter
When he misses the hole wi' his auld wooden putter.

He's a stoop o' the Kirk, and he gangs to Communion,
An' thinks the Free Kirk lost itsel' by the Union;
But he isna a bigot, he's freen's wi' the priest,
An' declares he's as gude as the U.F.'s at least.

He's fond o' his freen's an' he asks them to dine,
An' share a bit mutchkin or bottle of wine;

O'er a jorum o' toddy he'll crack his bit joke,
 While the snuff-mull gangs roon' or he puffs at his
 smoke.

Wi' political things he'll no' meddle ava',
 They arena, he says, for a doctor at a';
 But he's staunch to the State, and he's leal to the King,
 An' his honour he prizes aboon ony thing.

He's a cheery auld bachelor, hasna a wife,
 But the leddies he's lo'ed an' admir'd a' his life;
 Aye ca's them "ma dear" an' says he'd no' swither
 To wed, gin he fand such a wife as his mither.

Grown gray in the Parish! Ere long he'll grow white,
 Then aiblins there comes a swift ca' in the night,
 Mair urgent than ony he's answer'd before,
 Mair threepin' the messenger noo at his door,

An' langer and drearer the journey to gang,
 That ony the folk o' the Parish amang;
 But he'll answer the ca' wi' a clear, steadfast mind,
 An', leaving the ills o' the Parish behind,

He'll follow the messenger whaur he may lead,
 Still hurryin' on with his shadowy steed,
 Till, finish'd his journey, his soul fu' o' grace,
 The Healer of all he will see face to face.

THE WHISTLE

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his
knee;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke her
eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the
seggs,
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they
strayed,
But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee herd
made!

He wheepled on't at mornin' and' he tweetled on't at
nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o'
sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up
the closs,
The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit
boss;
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht
or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd
made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for
weeks,

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But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had
breeks;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on
the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the
byre;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their
trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd
made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the
mist,
Till the halfin' squared his shou'ders an' made up his
mind to 'list;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it
meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an' he thocht she
maybe kent;
He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he
played.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd
made?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an'
jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered owre the
rigs,
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain
strathspey,

The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to "Clean
Pease Strae";
The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he
played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd
made?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter brocht
him dool,
When in spite o' hacks an' chilblains he was shod again
for school;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o'
three,
He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons got
free;
But he often played the truant—'twas the only thing he
played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd
made!

CHARLES MURRAY

THE HOWE O' THE MEARNS

Laddie, my lad, when ye gang at the tail o' the plough
An' the days draw in,
When the burnin' yellow's awa' that was aince a-lowe
On the braes o' whin,

16 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

Do ye mind o' me that's deaved wi' the wearyfu' south
An' it's puir consairns.

While the weepies fade on the knowes at the river's
mouth
In the Howe o' the Mearns?

There was nae twa lads frae the Grampians doon to
the Tay

That could best us twa;
At bothie or dance, or the field on a fitba' day,
We could sort them a';
An' at courtin'-time when the stars keeked doon on
the glen
An' its theek o' fairns,
It was you an' me got the pick o' the basket then
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame

There'll be saxty here,
But the springtime comes an' the hairst—an' its aye
the same

Through the changefu' year.
O, a lad thinks lang o' hame ere he thinks his fill
As his breid he airns—
An' they're thrashin' noo at the white fairm up on
the hill
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

Gin I mind mysel' an' toil for the lave o' my days
While I've een to see,

When I'm auld an' done wi' the fash o' their English ways

I'll be hame to dee;

For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,
But he lives an' lairns,
An' it's far, far 'ayont him still—but it's farther yet
To the Howe o' the Mearns.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on yer pow
An' the work's put past,

When yer hand's owre auld an' heavy to haud the plough
I'll win hame at last,
And we'll bide our time on the knowes whaur the broom
stands braw
An' we played as bairns,
Till the last lang gloamin' shall creep on us baith an' fa'
On the Howe o' the Mearns.

VIOLET JACOB

THE PROBLEM

The best o' bein' a bachelor

Is the fash that ye dinna gie;

For naebody frets about how ye get on,

Or greets very sair when ye dee!

The best o' bein' a marriet man—

There's ane ye hae aye at your ca',

To do a bit darnin' and look for your specs,

And thinks ye nae bother ava!

18 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

The warst o' bein' a bachelor—

Ye're just like a cow among corn;
It's fine—but ye ken that ye sudna be there;

It wisna for that ye were born.

The warst o' bein' a marriet man

Is just that ye aye hae a wife,
To gирн about pickles o' snuff on your coat

For the term o' your natural life.

There's this about bein' a bachelor—

It maun be the best o' the twa;
For frae a' we hear tell o' the angels in heaven,

There's nane o' them marriet ava.

But then there's the chance, wi' a marriet man—

It's this mak's a body sae fain—
O' catchin' a bonnie wee angel down here,

And startin' a heaven o' your ain !

I've coontit it up, I've coontit it down,

But there seems to be nae ither plan
Than just to keep bidin' a bachelor—

Or else, be a marriet man !

WALTER WINGATE

A SCOTS DOMINIE-

(1802-1882)

White clouds are lilting like a sang
 Athort the lift; their shadows gang
 Jinking amang the hills, where lang
 The snawdrifts lay;
 For sun and wind are thick and thrang
 This April day!

Blythe birls the laverock up the blue;
 Gropes the green bud where cranreuch grew;
 Dreich was the darg that winter knew;
 But here comes Spring,
 To set the tune, to start anew
 God's jingo-ring!

Faith! but my heels keep dirling sair
 To dance---as noo I'll dance nae mair;
 Fain would I speil yon hillsides where
 The peesweeps call—
 An auld man in a gairden chair,
 Row'd in a shawl!

An auld man; but when ploys are set,
 And Spring comes whistling at the yett,
 A laddie still; fain to forget
 My age, my ills;
 Fain to gang linking without let
 Ower Ochil hills!

For Ochil glens lie lown and green,
 For Ochil burns rin saft and sheen;
 Though sma' the troot, though sour the gean,
 Though daft the ploys,
 The auld hills call with voices keen,
 Wakening auld joys.

Scholar and Maister, soon and late,
 In simmer drouth, in winter spate,
 The grey hills saw me tak' the gate
 With rod and line;
 A likely day for flie or bait—
 That day was mine!

When lang the road, when dark the nicht,
 When snell the wind at morning licht,
 It's me was then the dowie wicht
 Dour hills amang;
 Till Devon glinted clear in sicht—
 Then the world sang!

For ower Bencleuch, in crimson lowe,
 The sun upsprang; on hicht and howe
 I saw the Lord's ain morning grow
 Fair, fair atweel;
 But best to me the burnie's rowe
 And the birled reel!

Oh! bygane joy! Oh, present dool!
 Noo Maisters daurna play the fool,

And laddies daurna plunk the school
 As aince they daured !

The School Brod and the School Brod rule
 Have them weel scaured !

Through standards, as 'tween granite stanes,
 They birl the puir bit shilpit weans;
 The Maister, like a slave in chains,
 Noo plays the miller,
 Grinding the grants frae hearts and brains
 In blood-red siller !

And he is praised wha quickest crams,
 Wha's classes are the biggest shams,
 Wha's dunces nae inspector damns;
 But he an ass is
 Wha scorns to fyke with quirk exams.,
 Or fish for passes !

Lord ! Lord ! that I should live to learn
 That schools, like grocer's shops, maun earn
 Profit, in cash, for ilk bit bairn !
 A beggar's dole,
 For which, bethankit, never airn
 Entered my soul.

Nae School Brod member gowled at me
 As though I were a mouse, and he
 Almighty God; for such men be—
 I've heard them yammer;

22 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

Grocers in soul, their tongues are free
Of grace or grammar!

Nae Brod for me; yon lads o' mine
(It's ten long weary years since sync)
Were no' the kind o' lads to shine
At pass or grant;
But faith! I teached them, line on line,
All that they want:

The Carritch, and the auld best Book;
Writing, and hoo to busk a hook;
The names o' flowers; the way to dook;
The airt of reading;
Latin; and whare the canny nook
When fish are feeding!

My laddies focht; I liked a fecht,
When all was equal, hicht and wecht;
There mony a twa that banged and pecht
And then shook hands,
Learned a stout trick that keeps them strecht
In far, far lands!

Sic laddies send me scrape o' the pen
And queer nick-nackets, noo and then;
Good lads! they're keen to let me ken,
Amang the rest o't,
That I'm the man that made them *men*,—
And that's the best o't!

Ay ! that's the thocht to mak' the tune
 Yon laverock sings a heartsome boon,
 As here I sit, an auld grey loon
 Row'd in a shawl;
 Waiting till all Earth's sangs sink doon;
 Waiting His call !

HAMISH HENDRY

NEWS OF BATTLE

Erchie got them; Wilson ran;
 But Erchie took them like a man !

.

Big Jock Wilson broke a' rules;
 Smashin' peevers, stealin' bools.
 An' dingin' a' things tapsalteerie,
 He kickit Erchie Thomson's peerie.
 So Erchie challenged Jock to fecht--
 Big Jock Wilson, twice his wecht:
 "There's the coucher, there's the blow;
 Fecht wi' me, or ense no."
 Hookey ! hoo the twa gaed at it !
 Baith had guid red bluid, and spat it;
 Hoo they gruppit firm an' pummel't:
 Twenty times they tost an' tummel't;
 And just as Jock began the bummin',
 Here we saw the maister comin'.
 A' the schule cried: "Erchie, run !"

But stoot wee Erchie stood his grun'.
 The maister, dour, laid doun the laws;
 And then he whuppit oot the tawse.
 So Erchie got them; Wilson ran;
 But Erchie took them like a man !

"ANTHONY ROWLEY"

ERCHIE THOMSON, LOQUITUR

Come on woman, Kate, doun wi' my dinner;
 I ken I'm gey late; I couldna come suner.
 Monday as usual; there's no' ony mystery;
 I'm aye keepit in; confoun' Bible history.
 Me! dux o' the schule! I'm sure I'm no' in for't;
 That thousan'-year-aul' ane Methuselah's dune for't.
 Brawly I kent him, Kate, in the mornin',
 But hadna the chance for shovin' my horn in;
 An' then at hauf-four, when we got Bible lesson—
 Lod! I lost the fule's name, an' sterted the guessin'.
 Himsel' spiered at me—"What they ca'd the auld
 buffer?"
 Says I: "Meffy Bosheth"; an' then had to suffer.
 The schule fair skirled; I felt geyan guilty;
 An' frae second tap up fell slap doun to dultie.
 The maister just grinned, joco' at his capture;
 An' keepit me in to write oot the chapter.
 I'd twenty times raither he'd gi'en me a leatherin',
 Than set me to copy yon columns o' bletherin';

Hoo this ane's faither, an' that ane's brither,
 Begat an' begat an' begat ane anither.
 So that's hoo I'm late; I couldna come suner;
 Come on woman, Kate, doun wi' my dinner !

"ANTHONY ROWLEY"

DREAM CHILDREN

A' nicht, Ill hear them ca' me dad;
 A winsome lass, a steerin' lad;
 Her gowden locks, his curly pow,
 Beyon' the warl's gear, I trow,
 My bonnie, bonnie bairnies.

On ilka knee they ready spiel,
 An angel quean, a dear wee deil;
 An' snugglin' in, an' cuddlin' doun. . . .
 I wauken, wi' an' eerie stoun'
 O' sweetness and o' sairness.

Again, I'll see him tall an' strecht;
 A man o' worth, a man o' wecht;
 Her, wi' the love-licht fair aflame,
 The centre o' a happy hame,
 Whaur ilka woman's place is.

But, whiles, an awfu' sicht I see:
 My bairns, my bairns ! O wae is me !

The summer's gone; in winter gloom,
 I only see a daurkened room,
 An' two wee cauld-white faces.

As daylight comes, they tak' the gait;
 I'm left my lane; the hoose is quate.
 The neebors think I'm aye my lane:
 Nae births hae brocht, nae deaths hae ta'en
 My bonnie, bonnie bairnies.

But back they come, my bairns-o'-dream,
 Frae winter gloom to summer gleam;
 An' mony's a cheery blink they bring;
 An' mony a mixtie-maxtie sting
 O' sweetness, and o' sairness.

"ANTHONY ROWLEY"

JESS O' THE MAINS

There's nae place like the auld fairm, the auld fairm
 toon;
 There's aye that i' the thocht o't that gi'es ma hert a
 stoon',
 For I can smell the peat-reek that's risin' frae the fire,
 I can hear the warm milk pirlin' in the coggies i' the
 byre—

'N' I wish—
 I wish I was there.

Jock he's polishin' his buits, aside the bothy door,
 An' Alick's early for his bed, I hear the deevil snore.
 Jock he's got a tryst on—aye that's whit's i' the win',
 But there's ae lass, a lanely lass, the nicht, when wark
 is dune—

'N' I wish—
 I wish I was there.

I could jouk roon' the fairm, fine, to whar I ken she'll be;
 I'd never let her hear me come, I'd creep sae cannily;
 I'd pit ma haun's ticht ower her een, 'or ever she could
 blink;

I hear her sayin', "Wha's that?" an' me sayin', "Wha
 d'ye think?"—

'N' I wish—
 I wish I was there.

An' when I took ma haun's awa', to link ma airm in hers,
 Mine wud be haudin' firmer wi' anither wee bit birss,
 An' maybe as we took the road I'd whip it roon' her
 waist,

An' draw her warm cheek closer, an'—O fine I min'
 the taste—

'N' I wish—
 I wish I was there.

There's nae place like the auld fairm, the auld fairm
 toon;

Ye ken noo the thocht o't that gi'es ma hert a stoon',

It's a kin' o' sweet vexation, I shouldna maybe tell,
 But aye I seem to see her, an' she's sittin' by hersel'—
 'N' I wish——
 I wish I was there.

R. J. MACLENNAN

THE BOY'S SEPTEMBER

Whase wheat was the ripest he brawly could tell,
 And lang ere a heuk had been laid to the crap;
 He sampled the neeps, wi' the best for himsel',
 And the warst for his butty, kee-vee at the slap.

The black-stackit, weel teuched bean was his joy,
 To pouch at the dark'nin', and scoor for the yett;
 It wasna the beans but the risk o' the ploy,
 And the nearer to catchin', the sweeter they e't.

He kent whaur the thistle had hoddin his cheese,
 When his weel-huakit gully had strippit the jags;
 He speer't na what skep was expeckin' the bees
 That he eased o' the burden that wechtit their bags.

For the blaeberry law, and the rasp in the den,
 He never mislippen't the time o' the year;
 And ye kent when he gaed to the hazelwood glen,
 Frae his new-cuttit staff and his scarts frae the brier.

The hemlock's toom shank was a gun to his haun',
 To pock Willie's nose wi' a batt'ry of haws;
 And he slang tattie-plooms frae the end o' a whaun,
 To fricht the bit rabbits, and bother the crows.

He learned the red rowan the dervish's skip
 On his faither's auld pipe, wi' a preen for a leg;
 And he keepit the kittly wee seeds o' the hip
 To pap 'tween the shouthers o' Leezie and Meg.

And his fechts in the stooks, wi' his cheek and his brow
 War-paintit wi' bram'le!—But there let me en',—
 It's often I won'er if laddies enoo
 Ken hauf o' the fun that September was then!

WALTER WINGATE

THE PACKMAN

There was a couthy Packman, I kent him weel aneuch,
 The simmer he was quartered within the Howe o'
 Tough;
 He sleepit in the barn end amo' the barley strae,
 But lang afore the milkers he was up at skreek o' day,
 An' furth upon the cheese stane set his reekin' brose to
 queel
 While in the caller strype he gied his barkit face a sweet;
 yne wi' the ell-wan' in his neive to haud the tykes awa'
 He humpit roon' the country side to clachan, craft an' ha'.

Upon the flaggit kitchen fleer he dumpit doon his pack,
Fu' keen to turn the penny owre, but itchin' aye to
 crack;
The ploomen gaithered fae the fur', the millert fae the
 mill,
The herd just gied his kye a turn an' skirtit doon the
 hill,
The smith cam' sweatin' fae the fire, the weaver left his
 leem,
The lass forgot her comin' kirn an' connached a' the
 ream,
The cauper left his turnin' lay, the sooter wasna slaw
To fling his lapstane in the neuk, the elshin, birse, an' a'.

The Packman spread his ferlies oot, an' ilka maid an'
 man
Cam' soon on something sairly nott, but never missed
 till than;
He'd specs for peer auld granny when her sicht begood
 to fail,
An' thummles, needles, preens an' tape for whip-the-cat
 to wale,
He'd chanter reeds an' fiddle strings, an' trumps wi'
 double stang,
A dream beuk 'at the weeda wife had hankered after
 lang,
He'd worsit for the samplers, an' the bonniest valentines,
An' brooches aye in great request wi' a' kirk-gangin'
 queyns.

He'd sheafs o' rare auld ballants, an' an antrin swatch
he sang

Fae "Mill o' Tiftie's Annie," or o' "Johnnie More the Lang,"

He would lilt you "Hielan' Hairry" till the tears ran doon his nose,

Syne dicht them wi' a doonward sleeve an' into "James the Rose";

The birn that rowed his shou'ders tho' sae panged wi' things to sell

Held little to the claike he kent, an' wasna laith to tell,—

A waucht o' ale to stock his drooth, a pinch to clear his head,

An' the news cam' fae the Packman like the water doon the lade.

He kent wha got the bledder when the sooter killed his soo,

An' wha it was 'at threw the stane 'at crippled Geordie's coo,

He kent afore the term cam' roon' what fittin's we would see,

An' wha'd be cried on Sunday neist, an' wha would like to be,

He kent wha kissed the sweetie wife the nicht o' Dancie's ball,

An' what ill-trickit nickum catched the troot in Betty's wall,

32 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

He was at the feein' market, an' he kent a' wha were
fou,
An' he never spoiled a story by consid'rin' gin 'twas
true.

Nae plisky ever yet was played but he could place the
blame,
An' tell you a' the story o't, wi' chapter, verse an' name,
He'd redd you up your kith an' kin between the Dee an'
Don,
Your forbears wha were hanged or jiled fae auld
Culloden on,
Altho' he saw your face get red he wouldna haud his
tongue,
An' only leuch when threatened wi' a reemish fae a
rung;
But a' the time the trade gaed on, an' notes were rankit
oot
Had lang been hod in lockit kists aneth the Sunday suit.

An' faith the ablach threeve upon't, he never cried a
halt
Until he bocht fae Shou'der-win' a hardy cleekit shalt,
An' syne a spring-cairt at the roup when cadger Willie
broke,
That held aneth the cannas a' that he could sell or stroke;
He bocht your eggs an' butter, an' awat he wasna sweer
To lift the poacher's birds an' bawds when keepers werna
near;

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 33

Twa sizzens wi' the cairt an' then—his boolie rowed sae fine—

He took a roadside shoppie an' put "Merchant" on the sign.

An' still he thieve an' better thieve, sae fast his trade it grew

That he thirled a cripple tailor an' took in a queyn to shue,

An' when he got a stoot guidwife he didna get her bare,
She brocht him siller o' her ain 'at made his puckle mair,

An' he lent it oot sae wisely—deil kens at what per cent—

That farmers fan' the int'rest near as ill to pay's the rent;

An' when the bank set up a branch, the wily boddies saw
They beet to mak' him Agent to hae ony chance ava'.

Tho' noo he wore a grauvit an' a dicky thou' the week,
There never was a bargain gaun 'at he was far to seek,
He bocht the crafter's starks an' caur, an' when the girse was set

He aye took on a park or twa, an' never rued it yet;
Till when a handy tack ran oot his offer was the best,
An' he dreeve his gig to kirk an' fair as canty as the rest,

An' when they made him Elder, wi' the ladle it was gran',

To see him work the waster laft an' never miss a man.

He sent his sons to college, an' the auldest o' the three—
 Tho' wi' a tyauve—got Greek aneuch to warsle throu's
 degree,

An' noo aneth the soundin' box he wags a godly pow;
 The second loon took up the law, an' better fit there's
 fyou

At chargin' sax an' auchtpence, or at keepin' on a plea,
 An' stirrin' strife 'mang decent fouk wha left alane
 would 'gree;

The youngest ane's a doctor wi' a practice in the sooth,
 A clever couthy cowshus chiel some hampered wi' a
 drooth.

The dother—he had only one—gaed hine awa' to France
 To learn to sing an' thoom the harp, to parley-voo an'
 dance;

It cost a protty penny but 'twas siller wisely wared,
 For the lass made oot to marry on a strappin' Deeside
 laird;

She wasna just a beauty, but he didna swither lang,
 For he had to get her tocher or his timmer had to gang:
 So noo she sits "My Lady", an' nae langer than the
 street

I saw her wi' her carriage comin' postin' ower
 Culblean.

But tho' his bairns are sattled noo, he still can cast the
 coat

An' work as hard as ever to mak' saxpence o' a groat;

He plans as keen for years to come as when he first began,
 Forgettin' he's on borrowed days an' past the Bible span.
 See, yon's his hoose, an' there he sits; supposin' we cry in,
 It's cheaper drinkin' toddy there than payin' at the Inn.
 You'll find we'll hae a shortsome nicht an' baith be bidden back,
 But—in your lug—ye maunna say a word aboot the Pack.

CHARLES MURRAY

CONSCIENCE

'Twas a bonnie day—and a day o' dule
 The day I plunkit the Sawbath schule !

I wan'ert awa' ayont the knowes,
 Where the bluebell blaws and the arnut grows;
 The bee on the thistle, the bird on the tree—
 'Athing I saw was blithe—but me.

Weary and wae at last I sank
 'Mang the gowan beds on the railway bank—
 But never a train cam' whistlin' by—
 And oh ! but a lanely bairn was I.

36 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

And I joukit hame frae tree to tree—
For I kent that I was whaur I sudna be,
When I saw the bad men—the men that play
At cartes and quoits on the Sawbath Day.

But—cunnin' wee coward—I waitit till
It was time to skail frae the Sawbath schule;
Naebody kent—but I kent mysel'—
And I gaed to my bed in the fear o' hell.

Conscience, thou Justice cauld and stern,
Aften thy sairest word I earn:
But this is a thing I'll ne'er forgie—
It wisna fair wi' a bairn like me.

WALTER WINGATE

I NEVER SAW IT BETTER

'There something sair camstrairy in the turn things tak'.
It's never but on Sawbath that the spunks rin dune;
'Twas aye when I was taiglet that my shae-lace brak;
The coalman never draps his price till our cairt's in.
I couldna cowp my cup but on a split new gown;
I never saw it better—it's the wey a' roun'!

My oven never fails me but when in steps Sal—
I ken what she is thinkin' though she aye keeps mim;

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 37

Miss Clipper never ca's but when my room's reel-rall,
And never bides for tea but when the bread-crock's
toom.

Our invitations come in threes—sae that baurs twa;
I never saw it better—it's the wey owre a' !

When Peter's busy balancin' it's keen, clear frost:
When he looks out his curlin' stanes, the thow blaws
grey;

If I put aff my washin' it's a gran' win' lost;
But if we plan an outin' it's a dreep a' day.
The week before and afterhin' the sky bides blue—
I never saw it better—it's the wey a' through !

It maun be when my curtains hae been new washed
white,

The sweep mistak's and plumps his sooper down oor
lum;

There's naething seems to rule the worl' but just fair
spite;

It's when we're pack't for Ro'sey and the cab maist
come,

Wee Jean maun tak' her measles—and it's aff we canna
get her;

That simmer, ye may guess, was fine—I never saw it
better !

WALTER WINGATE

STILL, MAN, STILL

He's nae to ride the water on,
 For fear he coup the creel;
 He's never mowse to meddle wi',
 I ken't owre weel;
 He's often deen a neiper doon
 That never did him ill,
 He may get grey but never gweed,—
 An' still, man, still,

I've kent him lift anither's birn
 When better men were laith,
 An' wi' a nicht-boun' beggar share
 Biel an' brose baith.
 When stirk's were doon an' rents were due
 I've kent him back a bill
 That kept a peer man in his craft,—
 But still, man, still,

I dinna doot the story's true,
 Ae Sabbath he was heard
 Gyaun whustlin' doon the larick belt
 Like some roch caird;
 He's never taen a token yet—
 Suspicious an' ye will
 Whaur a' gang forrit aince a year, —
 An' still, man, still,

Nae winter but a starvin' wife
 Comes for the bow o' meal,
 His onwal wauger laid an' won
 At some bonspiel;
 To bleeze the burn an' spear a fish
 There's few that hae his skill,
 An' nane like him can busk a heuck,—
 But still, man, still,

Nicht after nicht till a' the oors
 At catch-the-ten he'll sit,
 At singin' orra strouds o' sangs
 There's few mair fit.
 I've heard him fae the laird himsel'
 Refuse an offered gill,
 Nae honest man but tak's his dram,—
 An' still, man, still,

When ye uphaud or I misca'
 There's aye the tither side,
 An' whiles the very best o' us
 Would some things hide;
 We're maistly a' a mixture, man,
 Like pasture on the hill,
 Whaur tufts o' girse an' scrogs o' breem
 Raise stoot tups still.

CHARLES MURRAY

TAM I' THE KIRK

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
 Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
 When a'body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
 Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word 'afore ye
 That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,
 But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,
 He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed him
 Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',
 For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd
 him—
 It an' us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
 He canna see for the mist that's 'afore his een,
 And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the
 paraphrases,
 Cryin' "Jean, Jean, Jean!"

VIOLET JACOB

THE MOTHER

I canna say I'm ta'en wi' her, noo that I hae met her,
 She's no' the sort o' wife at a' that I wad hae him tak',

An' tho' I wadna mention it, I think he might dune
 better,
 For she seems ane o' the thowless kind, that's sweet
 to boo their back.

I dinna like her pridefu' air, her gentry wey o' speakin',
 Bein' used to plain an' or'nar folk, an' no' her kind
 ava.

Ye needna tell me he socht her, na, na! she did the
 seekin',
 She kent the wey to whilly him, an' lead his he'rt awa'.

She'll never dae for wark oot-by, she's faur owre little
 boukit,
 He sud hae got a buirdly wife, they help a man the
 maist,

Weel faured, oh aye, wi' leddy's haun's, sae saft an'
 white they lookit,
 But no' the haun's to muck a byre, or clean an' bed a
 b'ast.

She's never wrocht 'mong kye afore—the cratur couldna
 say it,

She'll no' be muckle better than a bairn aboot the
 place,

But I couldna tell him whit I think, no' me! I wouldna
 dae it,

For the laddie's he'rt's sae fu' o' her, ye see it in his
 face.

THE WEE YETT

D'ye ken oor hoose has twa yetts,
 Tho' it's just a but an' ben?
 There's the big yett at the gairden-foot
 An' the wee yett in the glen.

Ma mither says it's useless,
 Just lets in the tinkler men;
 There's nane but me gaes ever oot
 By the wee yett in the glen.

There's routh o' folk gaes in an' oot
 Oor bonny gairden-en'—
 There's just a canny whustle whiles
 At the wee yett in the glen.

AGNES B. HARVEY

SCOTCH PARTING

There surely sud been mair fracaw;
 A wee bit present, tak' and gie,
 A passin' dimness in the e'e,
 And he's awa'.

For thirty years I've ca'd him frien';
 And mony a simmer tryst we set,
 And swappit rhymes when neist we met,
 On a' we'd seen.

And now his stars in yonder sky
 Are no' the stars we used to ken;
 Yet there his lave o' life he'll spin—
 And here am I.

How simply can the thing be dune!
 Yet there was nae delusion there—
 We kent that we wad meet nae mair
 This yird abune!

In letters—shortening ilka year—
 Awhile our auld langsynes we'll tell;
 And sune be auld langsyne oursel'—
 Him there, me here.

WALTER WINGATE

THE DROVER

The nicht is fine. There's no' a cloud tae dim the
 lauchin' staurs abune.
 The beasts gang paddin' doun the road that stretches
 white beneath the mune.
 Broon heatherland, on either haun', the nearest toun
 ten mile awa';
 An', hear ye yon? Across the muir comes clear a sleepy
 blackcock's craw,
 Then silence, till a wee bit burn, swalled wi' the rains
 that burst its dam,
 Praises its Maker wi' a psalm,

44 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

I hae nae hoose, nor cark, nor care. The great wide
warl' is my abode.
For weans I've thae nowt beasts. For wife the never-
endin' muirland road.
I claim nae toun, nae burgher right. The mist that
swirls adoon the glen,
The red grouse whirrin' on the wing, the eagle wheelin'
tae the ben,
The royal stag an' dappled doe, the sheep that through
the bracken rin—
These are my blood folk an' my kin.

Whiles in the silence o' the nicht, bedded amang the
withered ferns,
I lie an' watch auld Border reivers rise frae beneath their
funeral cairns,
An' ride ahint their limpin' drove, while faur awa' ayont
the moss
The rid glare o' the blazin' thatch tells o' some English
yeoman's loss.
So they ride by, their spears in rest, their armour glintin'
in the mune,
An' vanish when the nicht is dune.

I hate the cities an' the touns, the shop folk wi' their
craft an' greed.
Gi'e me the bonnie heather land that lies atween the Tay
an' Tweed.

The wee wild bees amang the broom, the grazin' beasts,
 the fine blue sky,
 An' noo an' then tae break the hush, the echo o' a wild
 fowl's cry;
 While warmed by the noon sun up abune, I lie a-dreamin'
 on the grass
 So let me pass.

C. J. KIRK

THE HERD'S HOUSE

The wee herd laddie has biggit a house—
 He's biggit it a' his lane;
 And there he can lie and watch his kye,
 And fear na win' nor rain.

He has pickit the place wi' a skeely thocht—
 On a knowe at the end o' the bicht;
 And the door looks east, where the win' blaws least,
 And his chairge are a' in sicht.

Its twa-foot wa's are o' tide-mark stanes
 That the waves hae masoned roun';
 And ilk a bit chink, where the day micht blink,
 Wi' fog he has oakumed soun'.

It's roofed and theekit—a tradesman's job!
 The rafters are runts o' whin,

Wi' bracken and heather weel soddit thegither,
And wechtin' stanes abune.

There's an ingle neuk at the benmaist en',
And the lum was a pail in its day;
And out at the back there's a wee peat stack,
As a bien bit hoose sud hae.

He'll fen' for himsel', a laddie like yon;
And lang may he levee to tell—
When he's feathered his nest, and come hame for a rest—
O' the hoose he biggit himsel'!

WALTER WINGATE

LOGIE KIRK

O Logie Kirk amang the braes,
I'm thinkin' o' the merry days
Afore I trod thae weary ways
That led me far frae Logie!

Fine do I mind when I was young
Abune thy graves the mavis sung
An' ilka birdie had a tongue
To ca' me back to Logie.

O Logie Kirk, tho' aye the same
The burn sings ae remembered name,

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 47

There's ne'er a voice to cry "Come hame
To bonnie Bess at Logie!"

Far, far awa' the years decline
That took the lassie wha was mine
An' laid her sleepin' lang, lang syne
Amang the braes at Logie.

VIOLET JACOB

COUNTRY QUIET

Awa' aback o' Cathkin
There lies a lanely lan';
Whaur a' the day the peesweeps murn
Owre narrow roads that dip and turn,
An' never ken whaur they're gaun.

And when ye staun' a-swither
Amang the fankled weys,
Ye'll maybe hear a quean ahin',
Bare-armed, red flustered, clatterin'—
"Heh! Will ye stop the queys?"

And ye may see the horses
Come easy owre the brae:
And when the furrow nears the edge,
The ploughman, leanin' owre the hedge,
May speer ye the time o' day.

In hour by hour o' rovin',
 Nae mair ye'll hear or see:
 But after weeks o' crowd and steer
 An afternoon o' the quateness here
 Is aye like a heaven to me!

WALTER WINGATE

A NIGHT'S RAIN

The thunder clap may clatter—
 The lichtnin' flare awa':
 I'm listenin' to the water,
 And heed them nocht ava.

I canna think o' sleepin':
 I canna hear eneuch,
 The sang the trees are dreepin',
 The music o' the sheugh !

And 'neath the roof that's drummin',
 Wi' mair than rhone can kep,
 Wi' faster fa' is comin',
 The plop upon the step.

My famished flowers are drinkin'
 In ilka drookit bed:
 An' siller blabs are winkin',
 On ilka cabbage bled.

And in my blankets rowin'
 I think on hay an' corn—
 I maist can hear them growin':
 We'll see an odds the morn.

WALTER WINGATE

THE SAIR FINGER

You've hurt your finger? Puir wee man!
 Your pinkie? Deary me!
 Noo, juist you haud it that wey till
 I get my specs and see!

My, so it is—and there's the skelf!
 Noo, dinna greet nae mair.
 See there—my needle's gotten't out!
 I'm sure that wasna sair?

And noo, to make it hale the morn,
 Put on a wee bit saw,
 And tie a bonnie hankie roun't—
 Noo, there na—rin awa'!

Your finger sair ana'? Ye rogue,
 Ye're only lettin' on!
 Weel, weel, then—see noo, there ye are,
 Row'd up the same as John!

WALTER WINGATE

BRITHERS

'Twas up at the tree near the heid o' the glen
 I keppit a tinkler chiel,
 The cauld wind whistled his auld duds through,
 He was waesomely doon at the heel;
 But he made me free o' his company,
 For he kent that I wished him weel.

He lookit me fairly 'tween the een,
 He cam' o' an auncient clan;
 He gae me gude-day in a freendly way,
 While he spak me man to man,
 Though my gibbles were a' for the human frame
 An' his for kettle an' pan.

"Ye're oot i' the warst that the weather can dae,
 Ye're free o' the road, like me,
 I palmer aboot for kettles to cloot,
 Wi' an orra-like weird to dree;
 An' oor job's to men' whatever'll men',
 Wi' luck to fix oor fee !

Brithers baith o' the auld high road—
 Yet the Deil hae General Wade
 For learnin's the shauchle instead o' the step
 Wi' the weary wark o' his spade,
 Till the Jew an' the Sassenach lord it noo
 Owre the hills whaur the heroes gaed!"

“O, gang ye East,” quo’ I, “or Wast,
 Or whither awa’ gang ye?
 Will ye come to a hoose whaur a gude man bides,
 For a tastin’ o’ barley bree?
 Ye can howk i’ the kebbuck an’ howk again
 As lang as there’s kebbuck to pree.

Or seek ye a saxpence to slacken your drooth?
 Ye needna be langer in doot;
 Ye can hae a bit hurl to help ye on,
 An’ I’ll get ye a pan to cloot.
 I’se warrant I’ll freely lat ye in,
 An’ as freely lat ye oot.”

A tuft o’ the broom was knotted wi’ tow,
 An’ a rag on’t fluttered free,
 While he shook his heid owre some ferlies there,
 That I’m bathered if I could see,
 Though I kent my soul was sib to his
 In a queer free-masonry.

“The wife’s a mile on the road afore’s,
 An’ the bairnies farther still;
 I canna keep tryst wi’ doctor folk,
 But I’ll borrow the price o’ a gill,
 An’ I’ll pay ye back when we’ve finished oor tack
 O’ a’ that’s gude an’ ill.”

He spat on the siller an’ pooched it syne,
 An’ quately winked an e’e;

“The road’s a bond that we canna deny,
 An’ it’s linkit you an’ me
 In the kindly yoke o’ the gaun-about folk,
 Whauriver they chance to be!”

On the bowl o’s cutty he scartit a spunk,
 An’ he leggit it doon the wind;
 Gin his claes would hae fleggit a bubbly-jock,
 Guid Lord! he’d an easy mind!
 An’ oor forebears maybe were near-hand freen’s
 For a’ that I can find.

DAVID RORIE

THE BOY IN THE TRAIN

Whit wey does the engine say *Toot-toot*?
 Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
 Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
 When the rain gangs doon the funnel?
 What’ll I hae for my tea the nicht?
 A herrin’, or maybe a haddie?
 Has Gran’mma gotten electric licht?
 Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There’s a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
 An’ sea-gulls!—sax or seeven,

I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,
 It's sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
 We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!
 But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
 We'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,
 And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?
 It's awfu' wee an' curly.
 See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,
 An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
 He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
 Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
 Lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
 For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey wheen boats at the harbour mou',
 And eh! dae ye see the cruisers?
 The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
 Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers. . . .
 I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
 She'll cry, "Come ben, my laddie."
 For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
 That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

IN SPRING

Mony a year, mony a year,
Hae I seen the snaw awa',
Hae I seen the primrose blaw
And the bud upon the brier.

Mony a year, mony a year,
Yule has brocht the thocht anew,
If my strength wad bear me through,
If the spring wad see me here.

Aft, when winter trailed awa'
And the flowers were round my feet,
Stood I 'tween the lauch and greet,
Half believin' a' I saw.

Aft, when bare was blawn the tree,
And the flowers were a' laid by,
Hae I braced mysel' to sigh,
"Ay, it's by wi' flowers for me!"

Then I wad been blithe to gang:
But I canna think to sleep
When I hear at mornin' peep
Some bit mavie at his sang.

WALTER WINGATE

A RHYMING EPISTLE

Dear Geordie, as I am your debtor—
It's lang sin' I received your letter—
I noo sit doon a line to pen,
In hamely phrase, to let ye ken
We a' are strong enoo', and weel,
And aye hae routh o' milk and meal.
The Dame and me are baith fu' bauld,
Tho' sometimes *croughlin'* wi' the cauld;
Four younkers too, baith lass and lad,
That daily to the schule can pad;
Wee Jock an' Hugh—the ither twa—
A sturdier pair ye never saw—
Fecht wha's to hae their faither's chair,
Or o' a piece the biggest share:
And things like thae my labours lichten,
The snug fireside they help to brichten.
It's towmonds noo near five times three
Since we twa herded on the Dee:
Though far removed frae schule and kir^R,
And winter's forenights lang and mirk,
Through simmer days and winter weather,
We aye got on fu' weel thegither;
In simmer tursed the hay or woo',
Or ranged at times the garry through,
Or climbed the hill by brake or fen
Rousin' the muircock frae his den.
When nichts were lang, and news was scarce,
Whiles "dams" we played, whiles wrote a verse,

And though thae days are noo lang gane,
And troubles rife we baith hae haen,
I'm gled to think that Friendship guid
Hae a' thae years the test withstood.
I hope when this the "Cronie" reaches
It fin's ye fit to don your breeches,
Play dominoes or solve a riddle,
A moudie hang, or tune your fiddle,
Upon the draught-board prove your skill,
Yer stockin' knit, or look yer hill.
The sheep roun' here are lookin' fair,
Though they o' troubles had their share,
When wild December's drenchin' rains
Drave them across oor treeless plains;
But, man! the weather aye was open
And Ewie noo is busy croppin'
The draw-moss on the benty flowes;
At nicht her cud she quately chows.
Should we steer clear o' frost and snaw
And cauld east win's no' rudely blaw,
Or drenchin' shooers o' hail and sleet
No' daud the puir things aff their feet,
Or any ither grim mishap,
The lambs may be a bumper crap.
Afore I close, I'd like to speir
When we'll expec' to see ye here?
Come when ye may—be't soon or late—
A hearty welcome does ye wait,
The best o' cheer I can afford ye
Is yours—believe me truly, Geordie.

As my guid Dame is noo reposin',
 And a' the weans are quately dozin',
 The wind raves roun' my crazy sheilin',
 And shakes her frae the foond to ceilin',
 And though it noo is getting late,
 The peats burn cheery in the grate.

Just list a wee while I remark
 Aboot the dog ye christen'd " Turk "—
 He'll do his wark, I lay my life,
 Wi' ocht his age 'tween here and Dryfe;
 Altho' he's no' just yet perfection,
 He'll some day gie me satisfaction.
 And noo, to close this hamespun rhyme,
 Come ower as soon as ye hae time
 And see us a', baith wife and bairn,
 And let us ken hoo ye've been farein'.

ALEC WILSON

THE GOWK

I see the Gowk and the Gowk sees me
 Beside a berry-bush by the aipple-tree.

Old Scots Rhyme

Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark,
 Has me risin' 'afre the sun;
 Aince her heid is abune her sark,
 Then the clash o' her tongue's begun!

Warslin', steerin' wi' hens an' swine,
 Nocht kens she o' a freend o' mine—
 But the Gowk that bides i' the woods o' Dun
 He kens him fine!

Past the yaird an' ahint the stye,
 O the aipples grow bonnilie!
 Tib, my auntie, she canna' spy
 Wha comes creepin' to kep wi' me.
 Aye! she'd sort him, for, dod, she's fell!
 Whisht now, Jimmie, an' hide yersel'
 An' the wise-like bird i' the aipple-tree
 He winna' tell!

Aprile-month, or the aipples flower,
 Tib, my auntie, will rage an' ca';
 Jimmie lad, she may rin an' glower—
 What care I? We'll be far awa'!
 Let her seek me the leelang day,
 Wha's to tell her the road we'll gae?
 For the cannie Gowk, tho' he kens it a',
 He winna' say!

VIOLET JACOB

THE SAX SILLIES

Young Margie was but forty,
 Yet silly-daft was she;

Nae Fifer lads had trysted her:
The men folk let her be.
And daft were the faither an' mither;
Was there ever as silly a three?
Year in, year oot, they worried aboot
A man for Marjorie.

Ae day there cam' a laddock
To speir for Margie's han';
The auld folk helpit a' they could
To catch the wee bit man.
"Gang doon to the cellar, dochter,
And draw us a jug o' yill;
And, gudewife, gie's the breid and cheese—
Our frien' maun ha'e his fill."

Doon to the barrel gaed Margie,
Turned on the sma' yill tap;
Syne restin' till the jug would fill,
She dons her dreaming-cap.
"Gang doon, gudewife, to Margie,
And see what's keepin' the yill."
The mistress soon gaed steppin' doon
And speired if ocht was ill.

"O, mither, gin I be merrit,
And mither mysel' a wean,
Hoo s'all I name my bonnie lamb,
Syne a' the names be ta'en?"

Lang sat the mither and dochter,
 Perplext and greetin' sair;
 Their hearts as fu' as the jug was, noo
 Flud-fluddin' the cellar flure.

"I'll gang mysel'," says the faither;
 Syne awa' to the cellar in haste.
 He fan' the twa sillies wasting the time,
 And the yill a' gaun to waste.
 Yet doon sits he wi' thae sillies,
 To think, and think, and think
 O' the lack o' names for Marjorie's weans,
 But ne'r o' the loss o' the drink !

Doon cam' the wee bit mannie,
 To draw the yill himsel',
 But gin he heard the sillies' word:
 "Tut, tut," says he, "Well, well;
 Gude-nicht, and joy be wi' ye;
 I'm aff on the lanesome track:
 Gin I see ither three as silly as ye—
 Mebbe, I micht come back."

Doon sooth, doon sooth, he traivelt,
 To mony a foreign pairt;
 And there he sees, 'neath the walnut trees,
 A man wi' a horse and cairt,
 Pokin' awa' wi' a pitch-fork
 To fill his cairt wi' nits;

Miss-missin' his pick, tho' the nits were thick:
 The wee man was in fits.

“ Man, gether your nits in a basket,
 And pit the hay-fork bye;
 A silly thing, the fork to bring,
 Just lift them as they lie.”

“ I thank you kindly, stranger;
 Here, wisdom's no' sae rife.”

Says oor wee man, as he shook his han':
 “ There's silly-daft folk in Fife.”

Faur wast, faur wast, he wandert,
 Till he met a man wi' swine,
 Liftin' a soot up a thin ake tree,
 On acorns for to dine.

“ Gang up yersel', ye gomeril,
 Speel up that slender ake;
 Your pigs'll squeal unless you speel,
 And gie the tree a shake.”

Up north, up north, he journeyed;
 And shivered aroun' for weeks;
 When a Norseman tall, because o' the caul',
 Tried to change his kilt for breeks.
 He'd the troosers raped up brawly,
 The twa legs blawn oot wide;
 Wi' a rin and a jump, an' mony a thump,
 He ettled to spring inside.

“Man, pu’ them on, ye silly;
 Naebody jumps into breek.”
 “I thocht they did, but I’ll dae as ye bid,
 As I’ve rackit a thousan’ steeks.”
 “Noo, hame gang I to Scotland;
 I’ll awa’ back to Fife;
 They’re as silly here as there I fear,
 An Margie maun dae for a wife.”

The wee man merrit Margie;
 An’ mony a wean had they:
 They cam’ in yins, and they cam’ in twins;
 Gude names they a’ maun hae.
 There’s wee man Willie and Johnnie;
 An’ wee lass Sally and Sue;
 I’m telt the hale cargo are leevin’ in Largo:
 I hope the story is true.

“ANTHONY ROWLEY”

THE TROUT

Up, faur up, the fishers come
 To a pool that’s fearsome deep,
 Whaur the swirl is sudden dumb,
 Like a watter fa’en asleep.

Whaur the bottom-bleckened firs
 Deep oot owre a scaur o’ whin,

Tak' a word o' warnin', sirs;
Lift your line, and try abune.

Up, faur up, a fisher gaed
Ance a day, and camna hame.
Nor by ony kirk was laid
Till the Jidgment cries his name.

But within the water mirk
Whaur the plummet fears to fa',
Lies a muckle trout alerk
Frichtin' a' the lave awa'.

Owre him mony a haund has piled
Mennan, maggot, worm, and flee:
And it's owre the countryside
He's a trout that daurna dee.

Ye may see him soom abune,
Liftin' wearifu' and wae,
Like some auncient, fishin-dune,
Speerin' whatna bait ye hae.

Ye may see him fadin' dim,
Like a ghaist at mornin'-craw:
But the bed is bye wi' him
That can say he stood and saw.

Sirs, row in; ye may as weel
 Fish till a' the licht is lost,
 Fish till day begins to speel—
 Y'e'll get naething but a hoast.

WALTER WINGATE

A SANG

My lad, he's a sodger;
 On his horse he luiks fine.
 The horse is King Geordie's,
 The laddie is mine.

Blue his e'en, broun his hair;
 There's a dimple in his chin.
 Oh, gin he hadna lo'ed me
 What wad I hae dune !

The King thinks high o' him,
 He's sent him owre the sea
 To fend his Dominions,
 But what'll come o' me?

But I am his ain luve
 An' true I will be
 Through guid days an' ill days
 Until the day I dee.

Sair to my sad hert
 'S the weird that I dree.
 Haste ye hame, then, my ain lad,
 I'm thinkin' lang for thee.

THOMAS HENDERSON

IT WASNA HIS WYTE

It wasna his wyte he was beddit sae late
 An' him wi' sae muckle to dee,
 He'd the rabbits to feed an' the fulpie to kame
 An' the hens to hish into the ree;
 The mason's mear syne he set up in the closs
 An' coupit the ladle fu' keen,
 An' roon the ruck foun's wi' the lave o' the loons
 Played "Takie" by licht o' the meen.
 Syne he rypit his pooches an' coontit his bools,
 The reed-cheekit pitcher an' a',
 Took the yirlin's fower eggs fae his bonnet, an', fegs,
 When gorbell't they're fykie to blaw;
 But furth cam' his mither an' cried on him in,
 Tho' sairly he priggit to wait—
 "The'll be nae wurd o' this in the mornin', my laad"—
 But it wasna his wyte he was late.

"Och, hey!" an' "Och hum!" he was raxin' himsel'
 An' rubbin' his een when he raise,

“ An’ faur was his bonnet an’ faur was his beets
 An’ fa had been touchin’ his claes?
 Ach! his porritch was caul’, they’d forgotten the saut,
 There was owre muckle meal on the tap,
 Was this a’ the buttermilk, faur was his speen,
 An’ fa had been bitin’ his bap?”
 His pints wasna tied, an’ the backs o’ his lugs
 Nott some sma’ attention as weel—
 But it wasna as gin it was Sabbath, ye ken,
 An’ onything does for the squeel.
 Wi’ his piece in his pooch he got roadit at last,
 Wi’ his beuks an’ his skaalie an’ sklate,
 Gin the wag-at-the-wa’ in the kitchie was slaw—
 Weel, it wasna his wyte he was late.

The fite-fuskered cat wi’ her tail in the air
 Convoyed him as far as the barn,
 Syne, munchin’ his piece, he set aff by his leen,
 Tho’ nae very willin’, I’se warn’.
 The cairt road was dubby, the track throu’ the wid,
 Altho’ maybe langer, was best,
 But when loupin’ the dyke a steen-chackert flew oot,
 An’ he huntit a fyle for her nest.
 Syne he cloddit wi’ yowies a squirrel he saw
 Teetin’ roon fae the back o’ a tree,
 An’ jinkit the “Gamie,” oot teeming his girns—
 A ragie aul’ billie was he.
 A’ this was a hinner; an’ up the moss side
 He ran noo at siccán a rate

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 67

That he fell i' the heather an' barkit his shins,
Sae it wasna his wyte he was late:

Astride on a win'-casten larick he sat
An' pykit for rosit to chaw,
Till a pairtrick, sair frichtened, ran trailin' a wing
Fae her cheepers to tryst him awa'.
He cried on the dryster when passin' the mull,
Got a lunt o' his pipe an' a news,
An' his oxter pooch managed wi' shillans to full—
A treat to tak' hame till his doos.
Syne he waded the lade an' crap under the brig
To hear the gigs thunner abeen,
An' a rotten plumped in an' gaed sweemin' awa'
Afore he could gaither a steen.
He hovered to herrie a foggie bees' byke
Nae far fae the mole-catcher's gate,
An' the squeel it was in or he'd coontit his stangs—
But it wasna his wyte he was late.

He tried on his taes to creep ben till his seat,
But the snuffy aul' Dominie saw,
Sneikit there in his dask like a wyver that waits
For a flee in his wob on the wa';
He tell't o' his tum'le, but fat was the eese
Wi' the mannie in sic an ill teen,
An' fat was a wap wi' a spainyie or tag
To hands that were hard as a steen?
Noo, gin he had grutten, it's brawly he kent
Foo croose a' the lassies would craw,

For the mornin' afore he had scattered their lames,
 An' dung doon their hoosies an' a'.
 Wi' a gully to hooie tho', soon he got owre
 The wye he'd been han'led by fate,
 It was coarse still an' on to be walloped like thon,
 When it wasna his wyte he was late.

*It's thirty year, said ye, it's forty an' mair,
 Sin' last we were licket at squeel;
 The Dominie's deid, an' forgotten for lang,
 An' a' oor buik learnin' as weel.
 The size o' a park—wi' the gushets left oot—
 We'll guess geyan near, I daur say;
 Or the wecht o' a stot, but we wouldna gyang far
 Ging we tried noo the coontin' in "Gray."
 "Effectual Callin'" we canna rin throu'
 Wha kent it aince clear as the text,
 We can say "Man's Chief En'" an' the shorter
 "Commands,"
 But fat was the "Reasons Annexed"?
 Oor heads might be riddels for a' they haud in
 O' Catechis, coontin' or date,
 Yet I'll wauger we min' on the mornin's lang syne
 When it wasna oor wyte we were late.*

CHARLES MURRAY

AFTER

We foucht the Prussian Guairds:
 It took us a' oor wecht.
 I wish them sic anither day,
 The folk that sit at hame and say
 The Germans canna fecht.

It took us a' we kent:
 We bate them in the en';
 And comin' hame we saw them lie,
 Wi' blin' een starin' at the sky,
 And a' bonnie men !

Fu' fain wad mony a lass
 A man like yon hae won:
 And mony a mither's hert's been prood
 When to his gallant heicht he stood,
 Her muckle sojer son.

They were as braw's oorsel's;
 But a'e side maun be bate;
 And something seemed my hert to draw,
 And peety wadna bide awa'
 To see them lie sae quate !

WALTER WINGATE

THE LAST O' THE TINKLER

Lay me in yon place, lad,
 The gloamin's thick wi' nicht;
 I canna' see yer face, lad,
 For my een's no richt,
 But it's ower late for leein',
 An' I ken fine I'm deein',
 Like an auld craw fleein'
 To the last o' the licht.

The kye gang to the byre, lad,
 An' the sheep to the fauld,
 Ye'll mak' a spunk o' fire, lad,
 For my he'rt's turned cauld;
 An' whaur the trees are meetin',
 There's a sound like waters beatin',
 An' the bird seems near to greetin',
 That was aye singin' bauld.

There's jist the tent to leave, lad,
 I've gaithered little gear,
 There's jist yersel' to grieve, lad,
 An' the auld dog here;
 An' when the morn comes creepin',
 An' the wauk'nin' birds are cheipin',
 It'll find me lyin' sleepin'
 As I've slept saxty year.

Ye'll rise to meet the sun, lad,
 An' baith be traiv'lin west,
 But me that's auld an' done, lad,
 I'll bide an' tak' my rest;
 For the grey heid is bendin',
 An' the auld shune's needin' mendin',
 But the traiv'lin's near its endin',
 And the end's aye the best.

VIOLET JACOB

THE HAME-COMIN'

Jenny, come in frae the mirk an' the rain !
 Eh, ye're a troublesome brat o' a wean !
 Come in, I tell ye, an' sit ye doon,
 An' stop your stravaigin' aboot the toon !

.

Wha's that, oot in the mirk an' the rain,
 Glowerin' in through the winda pane ?
 A puir bit lass wi' a face like a sheet,
 An' eh, but she maun be weet, gey weet !
 Rise up, gudeman, an' put on your shoon,
 An' haste ye an' let the puir thing in !
 (A year sin' my Jenny gaed awa',
 An' never a word frae her at a' !)

Eh, Jenny ! Come in frae the mirk an' the rain !
 My Jenny, puir Jenny, is this your wean ?

An' whaur's its faither—ye canna tell?
 Sit doon, puir lassie, an' warm yoursel'!
 I've gotten ye in frae the mirk an' the rain
 An', my dawtie, ye never sall gang again:
 For, ca' ye it love or ca' ye it shame,
 I'm aye your mither, an' this is hame.

JOHN F. FERGUS

THE GLEN'S MUSTER-ROLL

THE DOMINIE LOQUITUR

Hing't it up aside the chumley-cheek, the aul' glen's
 Muster Roll,
 A' names we ken fae hut an' ha', fae Penang to the Pole,
 An' speir na gin I'm prood o't—Losh! coont them line
 by line,
 Near han' a hunner fechtin' men, an' they a' were Loons
 o' Mine.

A' mine. It's jest like yesterday they sat there raw on
 raw,
 Some tchyauvin' wi' the "Rule o' Three," some widin'
 throu' "Mensa";
 The map o' Asia's shoggly yet faur Dysie's sheemach
 head
 Gaed cleeter-clatter a' the time the carritches was said.

"A limb," his greetin' granny swore, "the aul' deil's
very limb"—

But Dysie's deid an' drooned lang syne; the *Cressy*
coffined him.

"Man guns upon the fore barbette!" . . . What's that
to me an' you?

Here's moss an' burn, the skailin' kirk, aul' Kissack
beddin's soo.

It's Peace, it's Hame,—but ower the Ben the coastal
searchlights shine,

And we ken that Britain's bastions mean—that sailor
Loon o' Mine.

The muirland's lang, the muirland's wide, an' fa says
"ships" or "sea"?

But the tang o' saut that's in wir bleed has puzzled mair
than me.

There's Sandy wi' the birstled shins, faur think ye's he
the day?

Oot where the hawser's tuggin' taut in the surf o' Suvla
Bay;

An' owre the spurs o' Chanak Bahr gaed twa lang
stilpert chielis,

I think o' flappin' butteries yet or weyvin' powets'
creels—

Exiles on far Australian plains—But the Lord's ain
boomerang

'S the Highland heart that's aye for hame hooever far
it gang.

An' the winds that wail ower Anzac an' requiem Lone
 Pine
 Are nae jest a' for stranger kin, for some were Loons
 o' Mine.

They're comin' hame in twas an' threes: there's Tam
 frae Singapore—

Yon's his, the string o' buckie-beads abeen the aumry
 door—

An' Dick Macleod, his sanshach sel' (Guid sake, a
 bombardier!)

I see them yet ae summer day come hodgin' but the
 fleer:

“Please, sir” (a habber an' a hoast), “Please, sir” (a
 gasp, a gulp,

Syne wi' a rush) “Please—sir—can—we—win—oot—
 to droon—a—fulp?”

. . . Hi, Rover, here, lad!—ay, that's him, the fulp
 they didna droon,

But Tam—puir Tam lies cauld an' stiff on some grey
 Belgian dune,

An' the Via Dolorosa's there, faur a wee bit cutty
 queyn

Stan's lookin' doon a teem hill-road for a sojer Loon
 o' Mine.

Fa's neist? The Gaup—a Gordon wi' the “Bydand”
 on his broo,

Nae murlacks dreetlin fae his pooch or roon the weeks
 o's mou',

Nae word o' groff-write trackies on the "Four best ways to fooge"—

He steed his grun' an' something mair, they tell me,
oot at Hooge.

But ower the dyke I'm hearin' yet: "Lads, fa's on for
a swap?"—

A lang sook o' a pandrop for the sense o' 'verbum sap.'
Fack's death I tried to min' on't—here's my gairten wi'
the knot—

But—bizz! a dhubrack loupit as I passed the muckle
pot."

Ay, ye didna ken the classics, never heard o' a co-sine,
But here's my aul' lum aff to ye, dear gowkit Loon
o' Mine.

They're handin' oot the haloes, an' three's come to the
glen—

There's Jeemack taen his Sam Browne to his mother's
but an' ben.

Ay, they ca' me "Blawin' Beelie," but I never crawed
sae crouse

As the day they ga' the V.C. to my *filius nullius*.

But he winna sit "Receptions" nor keep on his aureole,
A' he says is "Guide the gabbin', an' rax ower the
Bogie Roll."

An' the Duke an's dother shook his han' an' speirt
about his kin.

"Old family, yes: here sin' the Flood," I smairly
chippit in.

(Fiech! Noah's? Na—We'd ane wirsels, ye ken,
in '29.)

I'm nae the man to stan' an' hear them lichtlie Loon
o' Mine.

Wir Lairdie. That's his mither in her doo's-neck silk
gaun by,

The podduck, so she tells me, 's haudin' up the H.L.I.
An' he's stan'in' ower his middle in the Flanders clort
an' dub,

Him at eese't to scent his hanky an' speak o's mornin'
"tub."

The Manse loon's dellin' divots on the weary road to
Lille,

An' he canna flype his stockin's, 'cause they hinna tae
nor heel.

Sennelager's gotten Davie—a' mou' fae lug to lug—
An' the Kaiser's kyaak, he's writin', 'll neither ryve nor
rug.

"But mind ye" (so he post-cairds), "I'm already ower
the Rhine."

Ay, there's nae a wanworth o' them, though they werena
Loons o' Mine.

. . . You—Robbie. Memory pictures: Front bench.
A curly pow,

A chappit hannie grippin' ticht a Homer men't wi'
tow—

The lave a' scammelin' near him, like bummies roon a
bike,

“Fat’s this?” “Fat’s that?” He’d tell them a’—
ay, speir they fat they like.

My hill-foot lad! A’ sowl an’ brain fae’s bonnet to
his beets,

A “Fullarton” *in posse*, nae the first fun’ fowin’ peats.
An’ I see a blythe young Bajan gang whistlin’ doon the
brae,

An’ I hear a wistful Paladin his patriot *credo* say.

An’ noo, an’ noo I’m waitin’ till a puir thing hirples
hame—

Ay, ’t ’s the Valley o’ the Shadow, nae the mountain
heichts o’ Fame.

An’ where’s the nimble nostrum, the dogma fair and
fine,

To still the ruggin’ heart I hae for you, oh, Loon o’
Mine.

My Loons, my Loons! Yon winnock gets the settin’,
sun the same,

Here’s sklates and skailies, ilka dask a’ futtled wi’ a
name.

An’ as I sit a vision comes: Ye’re troopin’ in aince
mair,

Ye’re back fae Aisne an’ Marne an’ Meuse, Ypres an’
Festubert;

Ye’re back on weary bleedin’ feet—you, you that danced
an’ ran—

For every lauchin’ loon I kent I see a hell-scarred man.

Not mine but yours to question now ! You lift unhappy eyes—

“ Ah, Maister, tell’s fat a’ this means.” And I, ye thocht sae wise,

Maun answer wi’ the bairn words ye said to me langsyne :

“ I dinna ken, I dinna ken.” Fa does, oh, Loons o’ Mine ?

MARY SYMON

THE LANG WHANG ROAD

(A MINER’S WAIL FROM FLANDERS)

I’m a miner lad fra Mid-Calder Braes,
 In a bog i’ the Laigh Countree,
 An’ I’m howkin here in a woman’s claes
 Whaur I never aince thocht to be.

O, there’s naething here for your lugs to hear,
 Nor a sicht for your een to see,
 But a burstin’ shell, wi’ a stink like hell,
 An’ the pole o’ a poplar tree.

Noo, that’s a thing that is ill to thole;
 But its better to fecht than flee,
 And I’ll stick it here like a brock in a hole
 Since better it mayna be.

But the far-flung line o' the Lang Whang Road,
 Wi' the mune on the sky's eebree,
 An' naething but me an' the wind abroad,
 Is the wuss that's hauntin' me.

It's a dream that lifts my heart abune
 The swamp that's surroundin' me—
 The Lang Whang Road, an' the risin' mune,
 An' the nicht wind wanderin' free.

I'm thinkin' lang, but I'm thinkin' o'd,
 An' the howp that's uphaldin' me,
 Is a Setterday yet, near the Borestane Road,
 Wi' a dog's nose nudgin' my knee.

Oh, the witchin' curve o' the Lang Whang Road
 Is a sicht for an exile's ee—
 At the gloamin' hour, wi' the winds abroad,
 If the Lord wad favour me.

“HUGH HALIBURTON”

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Highways for eident feet,
 That hae their mile to gae;
 But byways when spring is sweet,
 And bloom is on the slae.

Highways till day is dune,
 The gírr o' gear to ca';
 But byways for star and mune,
 And wooers twa by twa.

Highways for wheel and whip,
 Till rigs are stibblet clear;
 But byways for haw and hip,
 When robin's on the brier.

Aye it's on the highways
 The feck o' life maun gang;
 But aye it's frae the byways
 Comes hame the happy sang.

WALTER WINGATE

THE FIELD BY THE LIRK O' THE HILL

Daytime an' nicht,
 Sun, wind an' rain;
 The lang, cauld licht
 O' the spring months again.
 The yaird's a' weed,
 An' the fairm's a' still—
 Wha'll sow the seed
 I' the field by the lirk o' the hill?

Prood maun ye lie,
 Prood did ye gang;

Auld, auld am I,
 But O ! life's lang !
 Ghaists i' the air,
 Whaups cryin' shrill,
 An' you nae mair
 I' the field by the lirk o' the hill—
 Aye, bairn, nae mair, nae mair,
 I' the field by the lirk o' the hill !

VIOLET JACOB

THE KIRK

The Kirk's a maist extraordinar' place
 In whilk—forbye the means o' Grace—
 A hantle curious sichts are seen
 By folk wha hae observant een.
 An' first the elders at the plate,
 Puffed up wi' pride o' their estate,
 An' watchin' wi' a cauld, hard e'e
 The dirlin' penny or bawbee,
 But booin' nearly to the grun'
 When the auld laird staps in a pun'.
 An' Jeems the beadle, hirplin' in,
 Gangs to the poopit up abune,
 An' on the cushion dauds the books,
 An' glowers at a' wi' serious looks,
 An' no' the meenister himsel'
 Looks mair devout than does Jeems Bell;

Tho' folks wad tell ye gin ye speired
To tak' a dram he's whiles no' swiered.
An' the precentor—timmer loon—
Wha does his best to raise the tune;
His stock o' them is unco sma',
An' twa-three Sundays sees them a';
An' whiles tap notes he canna reach,
An' then it's like a hoolet's screech;
An' when he's faur doon in the bass
It's jist a rummlin' in his hause.
An' then the wey the folk come in—
The maist o' them wi' squeakin' shoon,
The women mincin' on their taes,
A' buskit in their Sunday claes,
Their bunnets bristlin' wi' gee-gaws,
Each envyin' the ither's braws,
An' wunnerin' whit her neebour gied
For mantle, goon, or widda's weed.
The men come trailin' in ahin'
Wi' sheepish look an' heavy shoon,
A' gey uneasy in their blacks,
Wi' week-auld runkles in the backs,
Each hoping, gin the sermon's lang,
He'll fa' asleep the "heids" amang.
An' there's the weans in Sunday rig,
The lasses lookin' neat an' trig,
Wi' weel-starched goons an' weel-kaimed hair;
The laddies pictures o' despair,
Wi' collars stiff an' hard as brods,
An' ties that seem to gang a' roads

Except the richt ane roon' their necks—
A' feared for thae big glowerin' specs
That frae the poopit up abune
Glare doon on them an' a' their sin.
An' there's the halflins, lass an' lad,
For them the day's no' jist a' bad,
For at each ither they can stare,
Keek through their fingers at the prayer,
An' whiles—a rare but unco time—
Look on thegither at the hymne.
Then there's the auld folks totterin' in,
Some weighed doon wi' a sense o' sin,
An' ither lookin' unco croose,
Sure o' a place in Heaven's big hoose.
An' then there's a' the ither folk,
Wi' whom on ither days ye joke
An' crack an' pass the time o' day,
Discuss the prospects o' the hay,
The neeps, the price o' tups an' corn,
But no' upon the Sawbbath morn
When a' maun look sedate an' wae,
As best befits the Lord's ain day;
When hearkenin' to the Words o' Grace
Deep gloom sits weel on ilka face.
There's Watt the grocer, ill-faured carle,
As hard's a lump o' weel-set marl;
He saunds his sugar, a' agree,
An' weighs the paper wi' the tea;
But when ye see him in his pew
He looks as mild's a sookin' doo;

An' he's an elder, guairds the plate—
Ma certes, but the man's no' blate;
But, dod, there's Ane he canna cheat,
As he'll fin' at the Judgment seat.
Then there's the gentry near an' faur,
Wi' cairriage an' wi' motor-caur
To tak' them to the hoose o' God,
An' flunkeys for their every nod;
The men-folk gantin' a' the time,
The leddies skirlin' at the hymne,
Wi' claes that fairly scandaleeze
An' haurdly reach ablow their knees,
An' look for a' the warl' like kilts,
An' shoon wi' heels as heigh as stilts;
An' then their bunnets! God be thank't
My bonnie Jeannie never prank't
Oot her bit sel', my puir deid lass,
Wi' sic a heterogeneous mass
O' beasts an' birds, an' floo'ers an' ferns,
The wings o' yell'a'-yites an' terns,
An' insects, too, o' every kind,
That creep on earth or flee in wind;
An' fruits frae a' the warl' sae wide,
Frale pomgranates to the black-byde,
An' aipples, plooms, an' pears, an' grapes,
An' reptiles o' a' sorts an' shapes,
An' buckles, ribbands, preens, an' beads,
Mair than wad staw a neegur's needs;
An' skins o' mony a beast an' bird
To help them to tak' in the Word.

Ay, ay, the Kirk's a curious place
 Whaur, if ye get na muckle Grace,
 Ye'll get diversion gin ye keep
 Yersel' awake—or ye can sleep.

An' gin it's owre I'm glad to pass
 Oot to the Kirkyaird, whaur my lass
 Is sleepin' soun', my bonnie dear,
 While I'm alone to thole things here
 Until, in God's ain time, I'll win
 To whaur she's waitin' up abune.

JOHN F. FERGUS

WHEN WILL THE WAR BE BY?

'This year, neist year, sometime, never,'
 A lanely lass, bringing hame the kye,
 Pu's at a floo'er wi' a weary sigh,
 An' laich, laich, she is coontin' ever
 'This year, neist year, sometime, never,
 When will the war be by?'

'Weel, wounded, missin', deid,'
 Is there nae news o' oor lads ava?
 Are they hale an' fere that are hine awa'?
 A lass raxed oot for the list to read—
 'Weel, wounded, missin', *deid*';
 An' the war was by for twa.

CHARLES MURRAY

“BANNOCKS O’ BARLEY”

(BAGPIPE BALLADS, VII.)

Just gie us a griddle, a guid Cu’ross griddle,
 A nievefu’ o’ salt and the side o’ a burn—
 We’ll feed like our fathers that never kent famine;
 Wi’ meal and a griddle nae Scottie ’ll mourn !
 It’s no’ the day’s provand that makes ye the sodger,
 It’s milk o’ your mother that fills ye wi’ steel,
 And sae we’ll be couthy and sae we’ll be canty,
 As lang’s we hae bannocks o’ barley meal.

The Englishman’s kyte is a great tribulation;
 He must hae kitchen, and puddin’s and wine;
 A pokefu’ o’ meal frae the Lothians for Donald,
 A faggot o’ wood, and a well, and he’ll dine !
 Gie us the meal and we’ll soon find the collops,
 But if they’re no’ in it ye’ll no’ hear us squeal;
 Our forefolk before us were dour anes to meddle,
 Wi’ naething but bannocks o’ barley meal.

For dance or for battle it’s best to be meagre,
 Keep down the waist o’ ye, lank be your frame;
 Endurance and elegance, youth, dash and daring,
 Depend on the belt ye can put round your wame.
 Praise God we were born where our food was to fight for,
 The land o’ the barley’s the land o’ the leal;
 It gave us but love and a song and a story,
 And bred us on bannocks o’ barley meal !

Take to the hills on the wings o' the mornin';
 Bed in the heather and breathe o' the gale;
 Be stark as the Coolins and lean as the larch-tree,
 And 'gainst ye nae powers in Hell will prevail.
 It's only yestreen we were poor as a piper,
 We've lived near the bone and we've flourished on't
 weel;
 At the worst o't it's just back to auld brose and brochan,
 Our lassies 'll bake us the barley meal !
 Bannocks o' barley ! bannocks o' barley !
 Bannocks o' barley meal.

NEIL MUNRO

HIS SOLDIER SON

We took the hill thegither,
 We fished the loch, we twa;
 An' every pool upo' the burn,
 Frae Grange to Windyhaugh.
 The Gauger's Leap, the Birch, the Churn,
 'Twas him that kent them a'.
 O happy days I've spent wi' him,
 When Spring cam' fresh an' fair,
 The thocht o't gars ma een grow dim,
 Ma lips to move in prayer.
 We'll never tak' the hill again
 Nor fish the loch, we twa,

But I ha'e seen his wraith at e'en
 Gae doon by Windyhaugh.
 I've seen him at the Gauger's Leap,
 I've seen him at the Churn,
 I canna help but see him noo
 Wherever I may turn.
 A bonny, blithe, an' freckled lad,
 For he is young again
 An' though he disna speak a word
 I'm never left alone.
 I'd gi'e ma life tò grip his haun',
 But that can never be
 Until I tak' the last lang road
 That's nearer noo for me.

R. J. MACLENNAN

THE CROFTER AND HIS WORN-OUT PLOUGH

Ay, ay, auld freend ! Ye're there at last !
 Yer day o' darg wi' me is past;
 Yer puir, frail stilts are roostin' fast
 In rain and dew;
 An' noo aside a dyke ye're cast,
 A useless clew.

Yer coulter's blunt and sairly worn;
 Yer sock's as bent's a crumpled horn;

Yer sturdy sides are raxed and torn
 Wi' life-lang strain;
 But I can mind ye bricht's the morn,
 Withoot a stain!

To think I'll never guide ye mair,
 Ahint my weel-groomed, trusty pair,
 Or dip yer snoot in furrows fair
 To win me fame!
 Ye're spent, auld freend; an' shaken sair
 Thro' a' yer frame!

Yer work was unco dour an' ticht,
 Yet aye it left ye scoor'd and bricht;
 The mair ye strove, the cleaner sicht
 Were yer auld sides.

God grant *my* wark may keep me richt,
 An' clean besides!

I've watched ye rippin' through the sod
 Wi' thochts that made me ask o' God
 That I might tak' as straucht a road
 To Heav'n abune;
 An' end my furrow neat and snod,
 As ye've aye dune!

Guid-bye, auld freend! My manhood's pride!
 Nae mair to usefu' wark ye'll glide!
 Sune I mysel' maun drap aside,
 An' share yer doom.

Content, I'll crumble by yer side
 To dust and gloom!

JOHN HORNE

WHUS'LIN' GEORDIE.

The lav'rock whus'les lood an' cheerie,
 Soarin' in the lift sae high,
 He whus'les a' to please his dearie—
 But Geordie, he gaes whus'lin' by.

Geordie's whus'lin', late an' early;
 There's no' a cloud in Geordie's sky;
 But O, ma hert gaes d'ntin' sairly,
 Whin Geordie, he gaes whus'lin' by.

Geordie's horse is a' his care,
 Their manes he does wi' ribbon tie.
 Broon an' bonnie is my hair—
 But Geordie, he gaes whus'lin' by.

Snod an' trig I braid my hair,
 Afore I gae to ca' the kye;
 I busk masel' wi' muckle care—
 But Geordie, he gaes whus'lin' by.

Blue an' bonnie is my e'e,
 Bonnie blue like summer sky,

But Geordie has nae e'e for me,
Geordie, he gaes whus'lin' by.

There's mony a lad, baith guid and kindly,
Fain wi' me wid coortin' try,
Why is't that I should luve sae blindly,
Geordie, wha gaes whus'lin' by?

"SANNY McNEE"

THE SOUTH COUNTRIE

I never likit the Kingdom o' Fife—
Its kail's as cauld as its wind and rain,
And the folk that bide benorth o' the Clyde
They speak a langwidge that's no my ain.
Doun in the west is a clarty nest,
And the big stane cities are no for me;
Sae I'll buckle my pack on my auld bent back
And tak the road for the South Countrie.

Whaur soll I enter the Promised Land,
Ower the Sutra or doun the Lyne,
Up the side o' the water o' Clyde
Or cross the muirs at the heid o' Tyne,
Or staucherin' on by Crawfordjohn
Yont to the glens whaur Tweed rins wee?—
It's maitter sma' whaur your road may fa'
Gin it land ye safe in the South Countrie.

Yon are the hills that my hert kens weel,
 Hame for the weary, rest for the auld,
 Braid and high as the Aprile sky,
 Blue on the taps and green i' the fauld:
 At ilka turn a bit wanderin' burn,
 And a canty biggin' on ilka lea—
 There's nocht sae braw in the wide world's schaw
 As the heughs and holms o' the South Countrie.

Yon are the lads that my hert loes weel,
 Frank and couthy and kind to a',
 Wi' the open broo and the mirthfu' mou
 And the open door at the e'enin's fa';
 A trig hamesteid and a lauchin' breed
 O' weans that hearten the auld to see—
 Sma' or great, can ye find the mate
 O' the folk that bide in the South Countrie?

The lichtest fit that travels the roads
 Maun lag and drag as the end grows near;
 Threescore and ten are the years o' men,
 And I'm bye the bit by a lang lang year.
 Sae I'll seek my rest in the land loe'd best,
 And ask nae mair than that God sall gie
 To my failin' een for the hinmost scene
 The gentle hills o' the South Countrie.

JOHN BUCHAN

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

*Aifter the war, says the papers, they'll no be content
at hame,*

*The lads that hae feucht wi' death twae 'ear i' the mud
and the rain and the snaw;*

*For aifter a sodger's life the shop will be unco tame;
They'll ettle at fortune and freedom in the new lands
far awa'.*

No me!

By God! No me!

Aince we hae lickit oor faes

And aince I get oot o' this hell,

For the rest o' my leevin' days

I'll mak a pet o' mysel'.

I'll haste me back wi' an eident fit

And settle again in the same auld bit.

And oh! the comfort to snowk again

The reek o' my mither's but-and-ben,

The wee box-bed and the ingle neuk

And the kail-pat hung frae the chimley-heuk!

I'll gang back to the shop like a laddie to play,

Tak doun the shutters at skreigh o' day,

And weigh oot floor wi' a carefu' pride,

And hear the clash o' the countraside.

I'll wear for ordinar' a roond hard hat,

A collar and dicky and black cravat.

If the weather's wat I'll no stir ootbye

Wi'oot an umbrella to keep me dry.

I think I'd better no tak a wife—
I've had a' the adventure I want in life.—
But at nicht, when the doors are steeked, I'll sit,
While the bleeze loups high frae the aiken ruit,
And smoke my pipe aside the crook,
And read in some douce auld-farrant book;
Or crack wi' Davie and mix a rummer,
While the auld wife's pow nid-nods in slum'er;
And hark to the winds gaun tearin' bye
And thank the Lord I'm sae warm and dry.

When simmer brings the lang bricht e'en,
I'll daunder doun to the bowling-green,
Or delve my yaird and my roses tend
For the big floo'er-show in the next back-end.
Whiles, when the sun blinks aifter rain,
I'll tak my rod and gang up the glen;
Me and Davie, we ken the püles
Whaur the troot grow great in the howes o' the hills;
And, wanderin' back when the gloamin' fa's
And the midges dance in the hazel shaws,
We'll stop at the yett ayont the hicht
And drink great wauchts o' the scented nicht,
While the hoose lamps kin'le raw by raw
And a yellow star hings ower the law.
Davie will lauch like a wean at a fair
And nip my airm to mak certain shüre
That we're back frae yon place o' dule and dreid,
To oor ain kind warld—

But Davie's deid!

*Nae mair gude nor ill can betide him.
We happit him doun by Beaumont toun,
And the half o' my hert's in the mools aside him.*

JOHN BUCHAN

FISHER JAMIE

Puir Jamie's killed. A better lad
 Ye wadna find to busk a flee
 Or burn a püle or wield a gad
 Frae Berwick to the Clints o' Dee.

And noo he's in a happier land.—
 It's Gospel truith and Gospel law
 That Heaven's yett maun open stand
 To folk that for their country fa'.

But Jamie will be ill to mate;
 He lo'ed nae müsic, kenned nae tünes
 Except the sang o' Tweed in spate,
 Or Talla loupin' ower its linns.

I sair misdoot that Jamie's heid
 A croun o' gowd will never please;
 He liked a kep o' dacent tweed
 Whaur he could stick his casts o' flees.

If Heaven is a' that man can dream
 And a' that honest herts can wish,
 It maun provide some muirland stream,
 For Jamie dreamed o' nocht but fish.

And weel I wot he'll up and speir
 In his bit blate and canty way,
 Wi' kind Apostles standin' near
 Whae in their time were fishers tae.

He'll offer back his gowden croun
 And in its place a rod he'll seek,
 And bashfu'-like his herp lay doun
 And speir a leister and a cleek.

For Jims had aye a poachin' whim;
 He'll sune grow tired, wi' lawfu' flee
 Made frae the wings o' cherubim,
 O' castin' ower the Crystal Sea. . . .

I picter him at gloamin' tide
 Steekin' the backdoor o' his hame
 And hastin' to the waterside
 To play again the auld auld game;

And syne wi' saumon on his back,
 Catch't clean against the Heavenly law,
 And Heavenly byliffs on his track,
 Gaun linkin' doun some Heavenly shaw.

JOHN BUCHAN

“HEY! JOCK, ARE YE GLAD YE LISTED?”

(BAGPIPE BALLADS, XIII.)

Drums . . .

Hey! Jock, are ye glad ye listed?

O Jock, but ye're far frae hame!

What d'ye think o' the fields o' Flanders?

Jockey lad, are ye glad ye came?

Wet rigs we wrought in the land o' Lennox,

When Hielan' hills were smeared wi' snaw;

Deer we chased through the seepin' heather,

But the glaur o' Flanders dings them a'!

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,**Blyth was she but and ben;**And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,**And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

This is no' the Fair o' Balloch,

Sunday claes and a penny reel;

It's no' for dancin' at a bridal

Willie Lawrie's bagpipes squeal.

Men are to kill in the morn's mornin',

Here ye're back to your daddies' trade;

Naething for't but to cock your bonnet,

Buckle on graith and kiss the maid.

The Cornal's yonder deid in tartan,
Sinclair's sheuched in Neuve Église,

Slipped awa' wi' the sodger's fever,
 Kinder than ony auld man's disease.
 Scotland ! Scotland ! little we're due ye,
 Poor employ and a skim-milk board,
 But youth's a cream that maun be paid for,
 We got it reamin', so draw the sword !

Come awa', Jock, and cock your bonnet !
 Swing your kilt as best ye can;
 Auld Dumbarton's Drums are dirlin',
 Come awa', Jock, and kill your man !
 Far, far's the cry to Leven Water
 Where your forefolks went to war—
 They would swap wi' us to-morrow
 Even in the Flanders glaur !

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,
 Blyth was she but and ben;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

NEIL MUNRO

A BORDER TAILOR'S SOLILOQUY

Better than a' the insooped stoor o' wealth
 Is this quait joy that gethers at the hairt;
 I've little gear, but boondless store o' health,
 Whaur croods the world, I haste the tither airt,

I'm but a puir man, but a puir man's een,
Weel opened, sees his God, and a' atween.

Aft as I sit low-hunkered on this board,
I hear them singin' in that ither lan',
And whiles, in kindly mercy, my dear Lord
Comes saftly ben, and grups me by the han'.
They little ken, wha peety lanely days,
The weel-snecked door aye keps the angels' praise.

For lang wi' duds I've happed this bonnie glen,
Through a' thae years 'the tyler' I hae been,
But, oh, this thocht sae seldom comes to men—
There's mair in man than man has ever seen;
A weel-spun wab wi' scorn is aft passed by,
For claith that's steepit in the gaudy dye.

At getherin' e'en I tak the fisher's rod
An' daunner yont to worship 'mong the bens;
It seems a daft-like airt to seek for God,
But a' is weel—the trystin'-place He kens.
Whae seeks for ease frae a' Life's mony wrangs,
Mak's for the heichts whaur Nature sings her sangs.

There on the braes a tyler tunes his soul,
And clears his thrapple for that ither day,
When, yont the lift, his happy sang will roll—
Nae blackbird's lilt will ever match that lay.
Ay, e'en the scent o' new-mawn hay leads hame,
For God's ain love lies faulded in the same.

Sae let me gang, though donnert I may seem;
 My mornin', wi' the lave, will sune be past.
 What maitter if at times I miss the gleam,
 If I win hame, if I win hame at last?
 Up-by, thenk God, they speerna o' yer tred;
 By pastures green e'en tylers' souls are led.

GILBERT RAE

OWRE THE HILL

O, gin I had a motor-car,
 I'd ride awa', O far, sae far
 On an' on, an' onward still
 Whaur the road gangs owre the tap o' the hill.

Owre the hill creep the bonnie stars
 An' the sun it keeks thro' gowden bars,
 An' the bonnie clouds they seem to me
 Like silver boats in a gowden sea.

The bonnie rainbow in the sky
 Hides ahint the hill sae high;
 Owre the hill the swallows flee
 When the cauld wind sweeps the lea.

Gin I could only get my will
 To gang awa' richt owre the hill,
 I'd fill my pouch wi' bonnie things,
 Rainbow draps an' butterflees' wings.

But I maun play at the gairden gate,
An' gang to bed when it grows late,
But aye in my dreams I'm seein' still
A' the ferlies ayont the hill.

"SANNY McNEE"

LEFT HER LANE

Aiblins she thocht he'd hap her doon
In the old kirk-yaIRD ayont the toon
Whaur the kirkspire shadows his father's stane—
But she maun tak' that gait her lane.

For at the mirk on yon hill-face
They dug for him a resting-place
Whaur the grass is wat wi' the red-warm rain—
And she maun tak' her lane.

J. E. STEWART

BRIG O' DEE

(1917)

The Solway tide is flowing, and the gulls are in the air,
And seek you east, or seek you west, the countryside is
fair;

The larks abune the braes are singing through the live-long day,
And there's no lack o' heartsome joy in bonnie Galloway.

O, Urr and Ken are fair tae see, wi' rest for weary feet,

And golden sinks the western sun ayont the Isles o' Fleet;

The meadowsweet is blooming by the burns in Balmaghie,

But dearer far than a' the rest I lo'e the Brig o' Dee.

My lad's awa', and dreary pass the days abune my head,
And dreary are the night-hours as I lie upon my bed;
I canna thole the silence, sae I whisper Donal's name,
And syne I see him marching doon the sunlit path o' Fame.

O a' the bonnie lads I kenned some will return nae mair,
And in the farm-touns by the Dee there will be weepin' sair;

But still the swirling flood sweeps on tae meet the Solway tide,

And many a lassie's left her lane that should ha'e been a bride.

O, Urr and Ken are fair tae see, wi' rest for weary feet,

And golden sinks the western sun ayont the Isles o' Fleet;

But it's weary, weary waitin' till my ain lad comes
for me
A' in the wee bit hoosie that lies by the Brig o' Dee.

TINSLEY PRATT

OMENS

I hae a son in Flanders,
And anither on the sea,
Bit I trow by mony a token
They'll ne'er come hame tae me.

The Auld Kirk bell on Sunday
Had sic an eerie jow
As gin some wanton warlock
Was stentin' at the tow.

There's sic red rowth o' hips and haws,
I wad it bodes nae guid;
And the berries on the rowans hing
Like blabs o' human bluid.

And for the last three mornin's,
Upon the auld deid aik,
I've seen a muckle hoody craw,
And waesome was its craik.

Yestreen I heard oor auld grey cat
 Cry sair against the mune;
 And I saw twae bonny starns
 Fa' oot the lift abune.

And thro' the wind—my bluid ran cauld—
 As plain as plain could be,
 I heard the cry o' droonin' men
 That wailed abune the sea.

When in the mornin' grey I gaed
 And opened wide the door,
 I saw sicc an queer wee man
 As I'd ne'er seen afore.

A forket stick was in his hand,
 Pu'd frae the green bourtree* ;
 And thrice he turned him roond aboot,
 And thrice he looked at me.

I hae a son in Flanders,
 And anither on the sea,
 Bit I trow by thae same tokens
 They'll ne'er come hame tae me.

ANDREW DODDS

* According to tradition The Cross was made of elder (bourtree).

SWEETHEARTS

A whustlin' laddie new left schule,
 A lassie airtin' hame,
 Wee Cupid waitin' up the hill—
 Love's aye the same.

I saw a halfin' wi' his lass
 Yae nicht when daunnerin' hame;
 I heard the lauch and sly kiss pass—
 Love's aye the same.

A buirdly man ahint the ploo,
 A wife to keep the hame,
 Fower bonnie bairns, Life's bicker fu'—
 Love's aye the same.

A sunset in a gowden sky,
 The twaesome nearly hame,
 Anither kiss, a lang guid-bye—
 Love's aye the same.

GILBERT RAE

WHAT THE TAILOR SAID ABOUT
 THE PROVOST

The Provost should be hauden doon.
 (It's weel kenn'd this tae a' the toon,
 I needna' say.)

At kirk and council and at hame
 It's him tae blame,
 Whatever gangs astray.

The Provost is a gomm'ril loon;
 Sae weel it's kenn'd tae a' the toon
 Ye'd wunner whae
 Gae him poseetion, and control,
 (Sae hard tae thole,)
 O' things in Auchenblae.

That weskit, it needs takin' in;
 I doot your gettin' rayther thin.
 (Puff oot your chest !)
 Ye see the Provost's but a grocer,
 And has nae style, for which ye know, sir,
 A tailor's best.

Dod, as ye say, I'd had him oot
 Ere this. O' that there's nae misdoot.
 He canna' fecht.
 It's no' I bear him ony rancour,
 Altho' the mannie's jist a canker,
 And I have wecht.

Except when he's upo' the spree
 He's no' that bad in committee,
 I sometimes think.

Elsewhere, the man's no' worth a docken,
 There's no' a rule he hasna' broken,
 Without a wink.

Od aye, but for them Burns's suppers
 (It's them puts me upon ma uppers),
 I'd fill the chair.

The twenty-fifth, ye understand,
 The Provost then! Ech man, he's grand!
 (I manna' swear.)

Some fauts the Provost hiz acknowledg'd;
 And tho' some great men ne'er were colleg'd,
 Yet still, ye see,
 I haud that, as a gen'ral rule,
 A Provost ocht have been to school
 When he was wee.

And he's a man o' bad report.
 I canna' say I'm sorry for't;
 And richtly sae.
 It couldna' fairly be expec'it,
 Wi' me neglec'it
 For him in Auchenblae.

And hoo is that? Ach, weel, ye ken
 It's true the body's but a hen,
 Wi' steek'it e'en.

Aye, even in his ain bit hoose
 He's but a saft unbreekit goose,
 No' worth a preen.

But still—the Burns's supper nicht !
 It's that brings him intil the licht. . . .
 His only time !

Tae hear his illustrative comments !
 (It's then I have ma' dreichest moments.)
 Sublime ! Sublime !

He soars, he sings, he cites and quotes
 Baith Burns and a' the ither poets
 Wi' grace and ease.
 He makes ye het and cauld by turns;
 But aye, ye ken, there's Burns, but Burns,
 The rest—just fleas.

Aye, then the Provost's up like pouther.
 (The collar fits upon the shouther;
 A nate lapel.)
 Man, when he rises tae orate
 He's like a secretar' o' state . . .
 He's no' himsel'.

D'ye think I then mind he's a grocer,
 Or ony o' the things I've said? No, no, sir !
 Hech, hech, ma' man,

Gin ye could hear him ding us crazy
 Wi' *Wullie*, or the *Mountain-Daisy*,
 Ye'd understand'.

It's then your world gangs tapsilteerie;
 It's then that schemes become just dreary,
 Ye clever schemer !
 The room goes dim: the folks, they disappear.
 (Ye manna' laugh !) It's queer, it's queer ! . . .
 Oh, poet-dreamer

That tak's oor measure; snicks
 The tailor soul frae ilka breest;
 That quicks the fire o' deid desire,
 And lichts us far;
 Shows in us something like a beast,
 And something like a star.

Himsel'? It's no' himsel' ye see;
 He's but a voice that's us'd a wee !
 (I canna' tell ye why.)
 It's something grander than he's known;
 It's some far horn that's softly blown.
 (I canna' tell wha' by.)

It's but a memory next morn;
 A thing that de'ed afore 'twas born
 To ony poo'r.

But something bides ! Something that grows,
 Not maybe to a muckle rose,
 But some sma' floo'r.

.

Dod man, you've brocht a' back ance mair !
 I ken I'd decorate the chair,
 Were he debarr'd;
 But still, this Provost half asleep . . .
 I leave him there . . . (Am I a sheep?)
 Ech, man . . . it's hard.

J. A. FERGUSON

A SONG OF PARADISE

I'm an auld body noo, an' dune,
 No fit for muckle mair
 Than juist tae sit an' mind the fire
 An' watch the glory there
 Burn doon an' gaither on the ribs
 An' fa' into the pan,
 An' aye I think it's like the spark
 That's in the breist o' man.

The minister comes ben at whiles
 An' talks tae me o' God.
 He's a well-meanin', canty lad,
 An' yet I canna' haud

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 111

Wi' a' he says. There's some that's gane
(The Lord forgie!) I tell
Ye I had liefer see again
Than even God Himsel'.

An' yet there's some I'm sweir tae think
I'll come across up there!
My guid-sister was ane o' these
(In spite o' a' her care!).
I aye keep hopin' (though it's wrang!),
If she's got slippin' ben,
They'll let me oot anither way
An' doon the stair again!

They say there's mony mansions there
An' weel I hope it's meant,
I wadna like tae find masel'
Shut up wi' a' I've kent!
I'm no' for harps or golden croons,
I've tried tae dae my best
An' syne I've trusted Paradise
Wad be a place o' rest.

Sae whiles at nicht I watch the fire
An' in the ashes' fa'
I think I see the wee cot hoose
Where a' the bairns were sma',

The water lippin' on the shore,
 The kirk upon the rise—
 I dinna want a mansion, Lord,
 Wi' that for Paradise.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON

THE PAIRTIN'

It's Spring in the howe o' the hameland yonder,
 Whaur the birds wi' their nests are unco thrang,
 And a mavis sings frae a haist grown fonder
 A sang—an auld love-sang,
 That mounts to the braes whaur I sit and ponder
 The morn—the morn I gang.

The reek frae a cot laich doon I'm sichtin',
 The hame frae whilk I am wae to pairt,
 Whaur a brave lass sits at the gloamin' dichtin'
 Hot tears drawn frae her haist,
 And the lowin' sun in the west is lichtin',
 Heaven's airt—Heaven's bonnie airt.

I hear oor bairn in the credle greetin',
 Dool throws its first lang shadow there;
 And a wandered lamb sends its mournfu' bleatin',
 Alang the hillside bare.
 And laich in the howm where the burns are meetin',
 A sabbin' fills the air,

The green-leaved saughs ower the banks are swingin',
 The burn rins on to the muckle sea;
 The day's fareweel in the dews are hingin'
 Like tear-draps on the lea.

And a whaup wails oot where the mirk is clingin',
 A lang fareweel to me.

GILBERT RAE

THE RETURN, 1918

They've brocht us back to London, where they celebrate
 peace a' day,
 An' to-morrow, they say, they'll send me hame. Ay !
 Hame to Colonsay !
 I've neither mither nor wife nor bairn, but in Scotland
 I was born,
 An' I've maist forgot what I've been through wi' thinkin'
 o' the morn !

There's plenty to see in London, but I'm slow to
 understan'.
 I suddenly thocht the noo o' the waves comin' in on
 Kiloran Sand
 Wi' never a pause. Man ! It's wonderfu' ! Crested
 wi' green an' grey
 They'll ha'e been comin' in an' in a' the time I've been
 away !

I'm standin' here in London streets—no' as ither folk
 behaves—
 They must ha' thocht I was kind o' daft, for I stopped
 to hear the waves;
 I heard them through a' yon uproar fine, an' I'm no'
 ashamed to tell
 That they brocht the tears to my eyes at last an' washed
 me clear o' Hell.

There are owre mony folk for me doon here, owre
 muckle fret an' rush,
 I just feel I'd like to sit awhile quiet-like wi' God in
 the hush
 O' Colonsay, where the waves come in an' whisper on
 the shore
 O' that peace o' His that passes my understandin' more
 an' more.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON

PLOUGHING THE LEA

There's as mony turns to the plooman's craft,
 As jags on a common thistle;
 There's fower lang seasons 'tween field and laft,
 Wi' an orra day to whistle;
 And the whistlin' day is the day for me,
 For it gauns as licht as a wooin',

When I turn my pair oot to the lea
 For a tidy day o' plooin'.

Hey for the lea, and a wee
 Bit stiffness to haud it thegither,
 A weel-matched pair, and a clean-set share,
 And a sherp, dry edge on the weather.

I'm no very keen on cairtin' muck,
 Or the artificial barrow;
 A rake o' coals is a day o' luck,
 Bit it's sair feet efter the harrow.
 The stoor o' the mill is ill to dree,
 And a day at the hey is stewin',
 But I like to geet oot on the bonny lea
 For a tidy day o' plooin'.

Hey for the lea, and a wee
 Bit stiffness to haud it thegither,
 A weel-matched pair, and a clean-set share,
 And a sherp, dry edge on the weather.

ANDREW DODDS

BONNIE JOANN

We've stookit the hairst an' we're needin'
 To gaither it in,
 Syne, gin the morn's dry, we'll be leadin'
 An' wark'll begin;

But noo I'll awa doon the braeside
 My lane, while I can—
 Wha kens wha he'll meet by the wayside,
 My bonnie Joann?

East yonder, the hairst-fields are hidin'
 The sea frae my een,
 Gin ye keek whaur the stooks are dividin'
 Ye'll see it atween.
 Sae douce an' sae still it has sleepit
 Since hairst-time began
 Like my he'rt—gin ye'd tak' it an' keep it,
 My bonnie Joann.

Owre a'thing the shadows gang trailin',
 Owre stubble an' strae;
 Frae the hedge to the fit o' the pailin'
 They tax owre the way;
 But the sun may gang through wi' his beamis,
 An' traivel his span,
 For aye, by the licht o' my dreamin',
 I see ye, Joann.

Awa frae ye, naebody's braver,
 Mair wise-like an' bauld,
 Aside ye, I hech an' I haver,
 I'm het an' I'm cauld;
 But oh! could I tell wi'out speakin'
 The he'rt o' a man,

Ye might find I'm the lad that ye're seekin',
 My bonnie Joann!

VIOLET JACOB

GRANNY'S GAIRDEN

Oh, weel yet div I min' on't
 In days lang, lang gane bye,
 The dear aul' ramblin' gairden
 Sae clear in memory's eye;
 There a' jist mixter-maxter
 The sweet aul' favourites grew,
 The roses an' the aul' maids' pride,
 Rosemary, thyme, an' rue.

The honeysuckle clim't the wa',
 An' aye at early morn
 A guff o' sweetness creepit in
 Tae tell o' day-new-born;
 An' through it a' was marjoram,
 Fite bells an' mappie-moo,
 An' mony ithers dear tae me
 O' ilka shade an' hue.

Anaith the thrawn aul' aipple tree
 The aul' fowk aft wad sit,
 An' grandad there wad smoke an' dream,
 An' granny eest tae knit;

They were pairt o' that aul' gairden,
 An' tho' lang since awa'
 They linger fondly in my he'rt,
 The best lo'ed o' them a'.

"STONEYWOOD

THE TINKLER

Gin I was a sturdy tinkler
 Trampin' lang roads an' wide,
 An' ye was a beggar hizzie
 Cadgin' the country side;

The meal bags a' your fortune,
 A jinglin' wallet mine,
 I wadna swap for a kingdom
 Ae blink o' my raggit queyn.

The gowd that hings at your lugs, lass,
 I would hammer it for a ring,
 Syne Hey for a tinklers' waddin'
 An' the lythe dyke-sides o' Spring.

O whiles we would tak' the toll-road
 An' lauch at the Norlan' win',
 An' whiles we would try the lown roads,
 An' the wee hill-tracks that rin,

Whaur the blue peat reek is curlin'
 An' the mavis whussles rare,
 We'd follow the airt we fancied
 Wi' nane that we kent to care.

An' ye would get the white siller
 Spaein' the lasses' han's,
 An' I would win the broun siller
 Cloutin' the auld wives' cans.

Whiles wi' a stroop to souder,
 Girdin' at times a cogue,
 But aye wi' you at my elbuck
 To haud me content, ye rogue.

We'd wash in the rinnin' water,
 An' I would lave your feet,
 An' ye would lowse your apron
 An' I would dry them wi't.

I'd gaither yows at gloamin'
 An' ye would blaw the fire,
 Till the lilt o' the singin' kettle
 Gart baith forget the tire.

An' blithe, my cuttie luntin',
 We'd crack aboot a' we'd seen,
 Wi' mony a twa-han' banter
 Aneth the risin' meen,

Syne in some cosy plantin'
 Wi' fern an' heather spread,
 An' the green birks for rafters
 The lift would roof your bed.

An' when your een grew weary
 Twa stars would tine their licht,
 An' saftly in my oxter
 I'd faul' you for the nicht.

Nae cry frae frichtened mawkin,
 Snared in the dewy grass,
 Nor eerie oolet huntin'
 Would wauken you then, my lass.

An' when the mists were liftin'
 An' the reid sun raise to peep,
 Ye would only cuddle the closer
 An' lauch to me in your sleep.

Wi' a' the warl' to wander,
 An' the fine things yet to see,
 Will ye kilt yer coats an' follow
 The lang, lang road wi' me?

The open lift an' laughter—
 Is there onything mair ye lack?
A wee heid in the bundle
That shouds upon my back.

THE END O'T

There's a fine braw thistle that lifts its croon
 By the river-bank whaur the ashes stand,
 An' the swirl o' water comes whisp'rin' doon
 Past birk an' bramble an' grazin' land.
 But simmer's flittit an' time's no heedin'
 A feckless lass nor a pridefu' flow'r;
 The dark to hide me's the grace I'm needin',
 An' the thistle's seedin'
 An' my day's owre.

I redd the hoose an' I meat the hens
 (Oh, it's ill to wark when ye daurna tire !)
 An' what'll I get when my mither kens
 It's niver a maiden that biggs her fire?
 I mind my pray'rs, but I'm feared to say them,
 I hide my een, for they're greetin' fast,
 What though I blind them—for wha wad hae them?
 The licht's ga'en frae them
 An' my day's past.

Oh, wha tak's tent for a fadin' cheek?
 No him, I'se warrant, that gar'd it fade !
 There's little love for a lass to seek
 When the coortin's through an' the price is paid.
 Oh, aince forgotten's forgotten fairly,
 An' heavy endit what's licht begun,

But God forgie ye an' keep ye, Chairlie,
 For the nicht's fa'en airly
 An' my day's done!

VIOLET JACOB

THE SOLDIERS' CAIRN

Gie me a hill wi' the heather on't,
 An' a red sun drappin' doon,
 Or the mists o' the mornin' risin' saft
 Wi' the reek owre a wee grey toon.
 Gie me a howe by the lang Glen road,
 For it's there 'mang the whin and fern
 (D'ye mind on't, Will? Are ye hearin', Dod?)
 That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Far awa is the Flanders land
 Wi' fremmit France atween,
 But mony a howe o' them baith the day
 Has a hap o' the Gordon green.
 It's them we kent that's lyin' there,
 An' it's nae wi' stane or airn
 But wi' brakin' hearts, an' mem'ries sair,
 That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Doon, laich doon the Dullan sings—
 An' I ken o' an aul' sauch tree,
 Where a wee loon's wahnie's hingin' yet
 That's dead in Picardy;

An' ilka win' fae the Conval's broo
 Bends aye the buss o' earn,
 Where aince he futtled a name that noo
 I'll read on the Soldiers' Cairn.

Oh! build it fine and build it fair,
 Till it leaps to the moorland sky—
 More, more than death is symbolled there,
 Than tears or triumphs by.
 There's the Dream Divine of a starward way
 Our laggard feet would learn—
 It's a new earth's corner-stone we'd lay
 As we fashion the Soldiers' Cairn.

Lads in your plaidies lyin' still
 In lands we'll never see,
 This lanely cairn on a hameland hill
 Is a' that oor love can dee;
 An' fine an' braw we'll mak' it a',
 —But oh, my Bairn, my Bairn,
 It's a cradle's croon that'll aye blaw doon
 To me fae the Soldiers' Cairn.

MARY SYMON

GIN I WAS GOD

Gin I was God, sittin' up there abeen,
 Weariet nae doot noo a' my darg was deen,

Deaved wi' the harps an' hymns oonendin' ringin',
 Tired o' the flockin' angels hairse wi' singin',
 To some clood-edge I'd daunder furth an', feth,
 Look ower an' watch hoo things were gyaun aneth.
 Syne, gin I saw hoo men I'd made mysel'
 Had startit in to pooshan, sheet an' fell,
 To reive an' rape, an' fairly mak' a hell
 O' my braw birlin' Earth,—a hale week's wark—
 I'd cast my coat again, rowe up my sark,
 An', or they'd time to lench a second ark,
 Tak' back my word an' sen' another spate,
 Droon oot the hale hypothec, dicht the sklate,
 Own my mistak', an', aince I'd cleared the brod,
 Start a'thing owre again, gin I was God.

CHARLES MURRAY

A CHEERY GUID-NICHT

Noo I've sattled the score, an' the gig's at the door,
 An' the shaltie is kittle to ca',
 Aye the langer we sit we're the sweirer to flit,
 Sae it's time to be wearin' awa'.
 A douce eller like me, an example maun be,
 An' it wouldna be seemly ava
 Stottin' hame in day-licht, an' jist think o' the sicht
 Supposin' we happened to fa'.
 Ye're weel-slockened noo, an' afore ye get fou
 Be guided by me an' say "Na";

By my tongue ye can tell I've had plenty mysel',
 Sae a cheery guid-nicht to you a'.

A cheery guid-nicht, ay, a cheery guid-nicht,
 A cheery guid-nicht to you a',
 By my sang ye can tell I've had plenty mysel',
 Sae a cheery guid-nicht to you a'.

Rowe graavits weel roon, an' your bonnets rug doon,
 Syne set the door wide to the wa',
 An' the gig that's in front is the safest to mount,
 Gin the dram gars you trow there is twa.
 O it's little we care gin the furth it be fair,
 Or mochie or makin' for snaw,
 Gin it's frosty an' clear we can lippen the mear,
 Gin it's dubby the safter the fa'.
 Noo roadit for hame there's some I could name
 Nae freely sae choose i' the craw,
 For they've wives like mysel' an' the lees we maun tell
 Blauds the tail o' a nicht for us a'.

It blauds a guid nicht, ay, it blauds a guid nicht,
 When the wives winna swallow them a',
 Tho' for peace ye may tell a bit lee like mysel',
 Here's a hindmost guid-health to them a'.

CHARLES MURRAY

NOSTALGIA

O Lord, I dinna want tae gang
 When I am deid, tae Heaven amang
 A rowdy, rантin', thrummin' thrang
 O' dam'd Wee Frees,
 U.F.'s, Auld Kirks, Baptists, and lang-
 faced Methodees.

(Tho' Lord, I'm dootin' mony a yin,
 Whitewashed withoot, bit black within,
 Whae think that thro' Your yett they'll win,
 Will be surprised,
 As ben the pit Ye mak' them spin
 Tae be chastised.)

Tae take the pictured Heaven as true—
 The very thochts o't gaurs me grue;
 And, if it's a' the same tae You,
 When I am deid,
 I'd like the auld life tae pursue
 Aboot Pethheid.

I ken, as shuir as I am livin',
 I wadna be a month in Heaven
 Till I wad feel my hairt-strings riven;
 And, wad Ye blame
 An exile, frae his country driven,
 For wantin' hame?

As dowff's a dowg that's got the ill,
In some far corner by mysel',
The day wi' langin' dreams I'd fill,
 Till, burnin' fain,
I'd swap a' Heaven on Soutra Hill
 To be again.

'Mid a' the bliss that's up on high,
I'd weary for the road gaun by
Auld Crichton Hoose; the sombre sky
 O' winter day:
Tae hear the pee-wee's hauntin' cry
 At gloamin' grey.

When the wild March maiden comes
Dancin' before the pipes and drums,
And the quiverin' tree-tap thrums,
 And throbs tae life,
I'd think o't a', and be as glum's
 A widowed wife.

And in the simmer I wad be
Wishin' again that I could see
The blossom on the hawthorn tree,
 The wild rose sweet,
The daisies on the grassy lea
 Amang my feet.

I'd want tae see the autumn sun,
Frae yont the hills when day was done,

Upon the wheat, ere it was won
 Intae the stuck;
 And, a' that Heaven could gie, I'd shun
 For jist a look !

I'd want tae feel the lashin' rain
 When sad October cam' again;
 Tae hear the trees in soughin' pain
 Pairt wi' their leaves;
 For Nature I am ne'er sae fain
 As when she grieves.

I'm jist a simple, canny chiel,
 This kintraside suits me fu' weel,
 I ne'er had ony wish tae speel—
 Unless the hills;
 And there, dear God, I ey did feel
 Abune a' ills.

Na, Heaven's no' for the like o' me:
 For a' its choirs I wadna gie
 The mavis singin' on his tree;
 And shuirly, God,
 Ye're na sae thrawn as wish tae see
 Me sic a road.

And is it no' Yoursel' tae blame?
 Ye made my haire, Ye made my hame,

And, if the twae's yin and the same,
 Is't ony wonder?
 And what God joined 'twad be a shame
 For God tae sunder!

Ye ken hoo bonny is this world,
 Ye ken hoo I am tae it thirled,
 And, when my corp's tae Crichton hurled,
 I canna think
 Ye'd hae my soul up heavenward whirled,
 And snap the link.

Jist leave my ghost tae gang about,
 Up and doon and in and oot
 The country roads, and dinna doot
 I'll gang wi' glee,
 While dowff's a hen, that's in the mou't,
 In Heaven I'd be.

.

I ne'er believed that You did want
 A sloppy, slimy sycophant
 Tae stand up in a kirk, and rant
 Away at hymns;
 I often think to hear their cant
 Your anger brims.

For me I try (let me confess
 Wi' geyan little o' success),

Tae cultivate a holiness
 Amang Your fields—
 Bit maybe it's for something less—
 The joy it yields.

Maybe the wey I shun the kirk
 Is just because I like tae shirk;
 And them that gang may quietly smirk
 At my presumption,
 And see me standing in the mirk
 O' vaunted gumption.

ANDREW DODDS

THE STRANGER

A body cam' tae oor toon,
 Tae oor toon cam' he,
 Wi' tattered coat an' broken shoon,
 But laughter in his e'e.

Quoth he, " Ye a' are unco thrang,
 But unco thrang for nocht,
 An' I wadna gie a lav'rock's sang,
 For a' the gear ye've bocht.

" Sae busy coontin' ower yer gains,
 Ye never leev' at a',
 Ye're fettered fast in gowden chains
 That eat the he'rt awa'.

“ This nicht tae feather beds ye’ll creep,
 But never rest like me,
 For I will sleep the sounder sleep,
 Because ma he’rt is free.”

An’ the body gaed frae oor toon,
 An’ blithely he did sing,
 Wi’ tattered coat an’ broken shoon,
 But walkin’ like a king.

A. MUIR

ULLABY

Hush-a-bye, my bonnie do’e,
 Close yer e’en o’ sunny blue,
 On a warl’ that’s big by you.

Sleep ye soun’, my hinny sweet,
 Wee, wee han’s an’ shiny feet,
 Rosy cheeks an’ chin complete.

Fair as lily on the stalk,
 Fair as fern-leaf on the oak,
 Fairest o’ the fairy folk,

Easy-osy, swing an’ swee,
 Hinny’s cradle minnie’s knee,
 Sleep awa’ an’ let a’ be.

Whan thae feet can race an' rin,
 They will chase the muckle mune,
 Great things that will come owre sune.

But, ye're a' my ain eenoo,
 My wee wean o' downy 'oo',
 A' my ain tae lea' or lo'e.

DAN M'KENZIE

KENNEDY'S JOCK

Green is the grass and blue the sky,
 Siller an' gowd the daisies lie;
 Siller an' gowd were nocht tae me
 When Kennedy's Jock cam' owre the lea.

A message frae Crawfurd tae Kennedy cam'
 As the laird sat drinkin' his mornin' dram,
 Tae say: Yerl Crawfurd swore by the Tree
 An' the ill-faur'd carle that sailed the sea,
 Whan they sottered the hellicat warlock's banes
 On the high dry rigg o' the nine whin-stanes,
 He wad tether a soo tae tak' her will
 O' Kennedy grass on a Kennedy hill;
 And as Kennedy's laird was broken wi' years
 He wad factor for Kennedy—he and his spears.

Up rose Kennedy roarin' rage.
 "God's curse on Crawfurd that mocks at age;

I'm maybe doted, my lad, but still,
Gin it's feedin' ye want, ye'se get yer fill.
Tae pook the beard o' an aged man
Is the trick o' a wean or a gowk's randan,
But the gowk that pooks auld Kennedy's chin
Maun jook tae the steel o' Kennedy's kin.
Hae! Jock and Gauvin, Tammas an' Pate,
The deil's in ma folk, they're a' that blate!—
Rin, bid thae loons o' mine foregether
To assist Yerl Crawfurd a soo tae tether.
Aff tae the hill, the firth, an' the byre,
An' summon the lads o' fettle an' fire.
Crawfurd is hie an' Crawfurd is great,
But Crawfurd 'll tak' the nether gate
When the Kennedy lads in gleefu' tid
Water his soo wi' Crawfurd's blude.
Could I but lead the bonnie dance
A single turn, my only chance
O' winnin' tae Heaven I'd willin'ly tyne,
Tae slit the throats baith o' Yerl an' swine.
Tae feel them quick aneath my heel,
Tae hear them baith thegither squeal,
Tae see their hert's blude rinnin dry
Wad please me mair nor rowth o' kye—
Stots as black as Crawfurd himsel',
—Sae flit him, my lads, wi' his soo tae hell!"

Loud was the din and muckle the stour
O' fechtin' Kennedys, thrawn and dour.
There was wee red Keltie, fain o' sic wark,

A muirland cuif, him, quick wi' the dirk;
There was Jock o' Tarbolton an' Tam o' the Mill,
Pate o' Lessnorris an' Erchie an' Wull,
Hamely chiels frae the Castle roon
An' a wheen saut sailors frae Girvan toon,
Whase clatterin' horses an' jinglin' steel
Maist waukened the deid i' the graves o' Poniel;
Sturdy loons a' were the Kennedy folk,
But the pride o' the pack was Kennedy's Jock.
Jist tae see him marshal his men
An' ride at the heid o' them up the glen
Filled the he'rt wi' pridefu' mirth
A thing sae bonny should be o' the yirth.
Mony a lassock's e'e grew dim
When she saw his swanky mien an' slim;
Mony a lassock's he'rt was sair
To think she ne'er micht see him mair.
Sae easy an' free as he han'led his steed,
He shone owre the lave a flo'er amang weed.
Bravest and best o' the Kennedy kin,
Mounted an' 'coutred he flew on the win';
For like leaves in October when breezes blaw dry
A clash an' a clatter an' a' was by;
Then a wee, thin, jinglin' oot owre the muir
An' the toun was as tim as my luif, an' as bare,
Wi' nae man left but Kennedy's sel'
Gantin' an' girnin' an' bitin' his nail,
Fumin' an' frettin' wi' fidgetty care,
Cursin' the wecht o' his lyart hair,
Till his rampin' rages an' angry roar

Chased us tremblin' oot at the door,
 An' his kindly Leddy, souple and slee,
 Turned us owre richt hastilie
 Tae tirl the pirn an' ca' the wheel,
 An' rid oor ears o' the ring o' the steel.
 Sae the heavy 'oors gaed hirplin' by,
 An' oh! tae hear the lark i' the sky,
 The lightsome lark that sings i' the b'ue,
 An' us sae wae tae see a' through.
 But the wearyfu' day wore by at last,
 Wi' the ring played oot tae the hinmost cast.

Black through the linn the waters are tum'lin',
 Low on the knowe the win's are rum'lin',
 When limpin' an' lamiter doon the lang glen
 Comes a slow rider frae Kennedy's men;
 Hails the auld laird wi' blood-stain'd han',
 " Speak up, for I'm deif!—What ails the man?"
 " Lang was the battle, my lord, an' sore,
 An' Kennedys warstled as never before,
 But oh! tae yield my tale o' grief:
 Young Jock——oor Jock——has tint his life."
 (Kennedy's Jock, oh! wae is me!
 Whan will I sic anither see?)
 " Jock? Whit Jock?" " Young Jock, yer son!
 His fechtin's by.—His days are done!"
 " Jock here! Jock there!—This fu'l's half-wittit.—
 My thoomb for Jock!—Is the soo flittit?"

DAN M·KENZIE

THE RANT OF ELEEZABETH
AUCHTERLONIE

D'ye ken wee Leezabeth Auchterlonie,
 That ca's the needle and shears?
 Weel, the Deil got haud o' her gimp and bonnie,
 An' he's no' yin that steers!

When she fan' hersel' gruppit, she out wi' a needle,
 Quo' she: I maun darn yer auld gear.
 An' she pykit the Deil till he bawled like a Beadle,
 But yet he wadna steer.

Syne the shears she took wi' a swing like a hanger,
 An' dang in his hurdies some teers,
 Jag whaur ye like, roared the Deil in his anger;
 I'll no' be the yin that steers.

But that lowsed her tongue an' she gied him the wyte o't,
 Deavin' the Deevil tae tears,
 She ratit an' flytit till he was clean d'itit
 An' steered him wi' stangs in his ears!

Then here's tae wee Leezabeth Auchterlonie,
 Her tongue as shairp as her shears,
 When next that she gangs wantin' a crony,
 I'll whustle an' see if she hears!

DAN M'KENZIE

HIS CHUM

I saw 'm first, ae term-day, daun'rin' doon
 The main-street o' oor far-famed granite toon—
 A weel-faur'd hefty youth; an' near by till 'um
 A rosy country-queyn fa ca'd 'm “ Willum.”

Willum—a gleg an' pawkie chiel wis he—
 Stopt at a baker's shop that caught his e'e;
 Syne waukit in, an' shortly cam' oot chowin'
 A tipp'ny mince-pie wi' 's een fair lowin'.
 Wi' wistfa' look puir Jenny's blue een shon'—
 She winnert at his greed. Or wis't pit on?
 “ Is't gweed, lad?” said she. Wi' an awfa grin,
 He jist said till 'er, “ Ay, ye should try ane!”
 “ Gae back, ye greedy gowk! Get ane for me!”
 An' back he gaed richt smairtly, an' brocht three.

'Twis at a plooin' match I saw 'm next,
 Amang a wheen o' ither lads, perplext
 Ower fa the first prize should be 'wardit till—
 Their ain rigs they hid ploo'd fae mere gweedwill.
 “ Weel, fa'll be first?” said I, wi' smilin' mou'.
 “ Gweed kens!” said Willum, wi' a troubled broo.
 I saw 'm later, faigs! he wisna glum:
 “ I kint,” said he, “ the best man wis ma chum.”

I heard o' 'm aince again. 'Twis ower in France;
 The Huns hid brakken throo by some mischance;

An' e'en the Gordons wir sae sair distrest,
 Some miles they hid tae yield, syne stopt tae rest.
 Tae's Captain, Willum said, "Sir, lat me back !
 Back there a bit, ma chum lies on the track !"
 " You foolish fellow," said he in command,
 They'd get you there: 'tis an unhealthy land !"
 " Jist lat me gyang !" wis Willum's earnest prayer.
 " Go back then, if you must, my lad. Take care !"

" Fa's that, that's comin' stagg'rin' on oor wy—
 A man o' 's back, woondit himsel', forbye?
 Gweed help's, it's Willum !" And the weary man
 Reaches the shelt'rin' lea o' their dour stan'.
 The burden's lowert gently. But, eh me !
 'Twis but a corp, as ilka ane could see.

" You foolish fellow," said, with feigned displeasure,
 The gallant Captain, who had Willum's measure,
 " Amazed was I that you should even ask
 To go back there. Yours was a useless task !"
 " Na, na, sir !" Willum said, "*it wisna that!*
 For, fin ane's awfa sair come at,
 It's gweed tae ken that something stan's the strain
 O' a' this hell o' warfare's bleed an' pain;
 Fin I got till 'm, he lay deidly quait;
 But sune he ope'd his een—O, sir, 'twis great !—
 Ae smile he gied an' said, '*I kint ye'd come!*'
 Ye see, sir," Willum said, "*He wis ma chum!*"

T. M'WILLIAM

THE CRAFTER'S LASS

She waukent ilka mornin' fin the "knock" wis chappin'
five,

An' rax't hersel' an' gantit till her jaws were like tae rive,
An' syne she crawl't intill her claes, an' kennelt up the fire
Tae mak' the muckle caup o' brose tae stap her snorin'
sire.

Her mither hed been deid for 'ears—she'd a' the wark
tae dee,

Tae mak' the mait, an' muck the byre, an' shoo an'
crooshie tee;

Her faither wis a crafter, bit he thackit reefs forbye,
An' antrin files he'd cowp a stirk, or maybe twa-three
kye.

He wis a girnin' deevil, faith, an' never hed a please,
Bit aye gaed grumphin' oot an' in wi' ne'er a wird o'
reeze;

The trauchelt lassie focht her best, an' tyauv't tae dee
her pairt,

Altho' he swore an' ca'd her jist a throw'ther, pleyt'rin'
clairt.

She wrocht frae skreek o' mornin' till the mirkest oor
ye'll name,

An' scarce hed time t' dicht her face, nor gie her heid a
kaim,

140 TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

She'd stirk's, an' swine, an' hens tae mait, an' mony a
geese an' jook,
An' i' the hairst she githert, aye, an' hed tae bin' an'
stook.

But deil a wurd o' thanks she got, nae maitter foo she
wrocht,
An' nae a fairin' did she hae, nae maitter foo she socht;
'Twis grumphin' here, an' girnin' there, an' snorin' faur
he sat,
An' aft the meen keek't in tae faur the lassie lay an' grat.

Bit ae bricht day a shepherd lad cam' fusslin' owre the
lea,
An' cam' inbye the kitchie door, an' teen her on his knee;
She flang her arms aboot his neck; he kiss't her lauchin'
mou';
O, lang she'd weyted for her lad, her ain lad, leal an' true.

Fin last she'd seen her bonnie lad, he swung a sodger's
kilt,
An' sin' the day he gaed awa' she ne'er hed sung a lilt;
Bit noo her he'rt wis liltin' sweet, an' bonnie wis her e'en
As aye she glower't, an' aye she leuch, an' kiss't him in
atween.

She left her grumphin' faither, an' she left the swine
an' kye,
An' fittit wi' her shepherd lad without a sich or sigh;

She lo'ed her faither weel eneuch, but better, better far
 She lo'ed the bonnie, lauchin' lad her faither couldna
 daur.

“STONEYWOOD”

THE COO PARK

I'm echty-five; and frae I was a bairn
 I never mind the coo park 'neth the ploo;
 And, when I saw the cou'ter tearin' 't thro',
 Deep in my very hairt I felt the airn.
 Gin the auld maister in his grave could lairn
 O' this, he wad be mad. It never grew
 But tails tae cattle beasts. And here it's noo—
 They want a crap o' tatties oot the shairn.

Ay, weel-a-wat, I've lived ayont my lease:
 Auld days, auld ways, auld things are at an end.
 The war has finished a'; and ne'er will peace
 Bring back tae me the auld warld that I kenned.
 Ay, when that airman landed on the coo,
 I jist said tae mysel', *We've come till't noo.*

ANDREW DODDS

STACKING

The plooman's craft's a kittle yin,
 And stackin's queerest yet;

Yet geet twa weeks tae lairn it in,
 And fifty tae forget.

ANDREW DODDS

THE CYNIC

Cauld blew the blast frae East to Wast,
 A blast wi' a smirr o' snaw,
 An' it took the doctor's guid lum' hat
 Richt owre the kirk-yaird wa'.
 When he sichtit it he dichtit it,
 An' he glow'red wi' an angry e'e—
 For says auld Jock Smairt, wha was passin' wi' his cairt:
 "Ye've a gey gude crap," says he.

Cauld blew the blast frae East to Wast,
 A blast baith snell an' keen,
 An' the washin' o' the clarty wife
 Sailed aff the washin' green,
 An' it landit on the midden-heid,
 Whaur nae washin' ought to be—
 An' says auld Jock Smairt, wha was passin' wi' his cairt:
 "Weel, hame's aye hame," says he.

Cauld blew the blast frae East to Wast,
 An' it gart the deid leaves loup,
 An' it set the shoothers heicher yet
 O' the gaithrin' at the roup;

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE

An' stour filled the een o' the unctioneer,
Till the cratur' couldna see;
An' says auld Jock Smairt, wha was passin' wi' his cairt:
"Turn aboot's fair play," says he.

Cauld blew the blast frae East to Wast,
An' the rein catched the grey mear's tail,
An' her heels to save her hin'er en'
Gaed lashin' like a flail.

An' the haill apothecy lay in spails,
As the grey mear warsled free;
An' when auld Jock Smairt saw the fashion o' his cairt:
"Wha's seekin' ony spunks?" says he.

DAVID RORIE

IN EXILE

METROPOLITAN P.C. 367, E.C.

Up by the back o' Bennachie,
Up North and hyne awa!
Och! that's far I would like to be
For athing here 's a thra'.

Up at the back o' Bennachie,
Far Gaudie rins sae sweet!
Gin I were there I'd be at hame,
And off the hard steen street.

The street, the street, the weary street,
Be 't day shift or at nicht—
A hell o' shops and motor cars
In bleezin' waste o' licht.

The thing roars by like the Don in spate,
But God knows far it gings—
I'm on the bank an' needna speer
Foo 't a' thegither hings.

I just pace on wi' steady beat
An' files tak' up a stan',
At corner bits, to ease my feet
An' gie the tyauve a scan.

An' then I'm back 'tween Oyne and Insch,
In blithesome caller air,
Wi' ae e'e on the Mither Tap,
The tither plooin' fair:—

Back far I ken it's fine to be
In hairst time or in snaw—
Roun by the fit o' Bennachie,
The ae kind bit o' a'.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY

ROBERT BURNS, THE LOVER

*Wi' tentie care he held the ploo,
 And drove as straight's an arrow;
 'Tho' at the craft there were nae few
 Micht weel be ca'ed his marrow.
 Yes, ye might match him at the ploo,
 But, lord, when he gaed oot tae woo,
 He was nae common sparrow!*

When first he held young Nellie's luif
 To draw the jaggin' thistle,
 He had but learned, the glaikit cuif,
 An orra tune to whistle;
 But when he looked in Nellie's een
 He made a better o' it—
 His heart gaed duntin' in between,
 And syne he was a poet!

Frae that doon mony a bonny lane
 He wanders wi' the lassies;
 And like a bee for honey fain,
 Frae flower to flower he passes.
 He made the common five-bar gate
 To her a heavenly portal;
 And daft wi' kissin', sat up late,
 To make her name immortal.

O, what a bliss wi' him to walk,
 To hear (and yet be wary),

The glamour o' his tender talk—
 To be his Highland Mary !
 To woman's heart nane kent the way
 As weel as he, accordin'
 To sic confession as we hae
 Frae her sweet Grace o' Gordon.

Wi' love o' Jean he was near gyte,
 And thocht to flee to the Indies;
 But, hoverin' ere he took his flight,
 His love was a' Clarinda's !
 If he'd been constant but to ane ?
 The virtue?—O, I grant it—
 But dam' your virtue ! Look, my son,
 The sangs that we'd hae wanted !

A hizzie sang in Greece lang syne,
 Wi' stoons o' love elated;
 And Scotland found what Greece did tine
 In Burns reincarnated.
 The mavis is nae speckless dove,
 The lark nae peengin' plover:
 When God mak's yin to sing o' love,
 He first maun mak' a LOVER !

Wi' tentie care he held the ploo,
And drove as straight's an arrow;
'Tho' at the craft there were nae few
Micht weel be ca'ed his marrow.

*Yes, ye nicht match him at the ploo,
But, lord, when he gaed oot tae woo,
He was nae common sparrow!*

ANDREW DODDS

A NEW BEGINNING

Lassie, when I tint you,
Think you no my heart was wae,
Dreamin' aye o' you a' day?
Think you no my heart was sair
A' nicht lang, and you no there,
Lassie, when I tint you?

Lassie, but I missed you!
Aye I spiered when daylight brak:
"Will the gloamin' see her back?"
Aye when nicht began to fa'
Sighin' said:—"She's lang awa!"
Lassie, but I missed you!

Lassie, noo I've fund you,
Eh, but I maun tak guid care
That you'll lo'e me ever mair.
I'll be yours, and you'll be mine;
Ne'er again maun we twa twine,
Lassie, noo I've fund you.

ALEXANDER GRAY

THE AULD SCHULE AN' THE NEW

I min' when I was at the schule,
 We used to get the "tawse"
 If e'er we happen't to be late,
 Or by mischance, or whim o' fate,
 We skaited the ink, or crack't a slate,
 Or mark't the ochred wa's.

On comin' in, we doff't oor keps,
 Glintin' wi' sidelong e'e
 Up tae the awesome desk, whaur sat
 The maister, frae behin' his hat
 Watchin' oor movements, like a cat,
 If ony ga'ed agley.

But, slippin' quailely tae oor seats
 We sat like mice, till *he*
 Raise, rum'lin' back his muckle chair,
 An', rinnin' his fingers thro' his hair,
 Cam' clampin' doun, an' owre the flair
 Tae turn the big-door key.

An uprais't finger gart us rise,
 Tae sing the mornin' hymn;
 An' syne, wi' claspit haun's we stood,
 Whilst he besocht oor highest good
 (Faur longer than we thocht he should)
 Frae "twixt the cherubim."

Then the top class filed roun the desk,
The ither—cheek by jowl—
Were left alone, tae fecht theirsel'
Wi' counts or graummar, till the bell
Summon't them forth to tak' their spell
O' clouts, or angry growl.

An' woe betide the laddie, wha
Played pliskie in his seat;
Gin he was seen, wi' lichtnin' flash
Straucht frae the desk, the tawse wad clash
About his lugs; an' mony a lash
Was shure to be his fate.

But noo—the weans can come and gae
Juist as they're in the tid,
An' count or read whene'er they please,
Or leave the class tae sclim' the trees,
Or bizz aroun' the room like bees:—
An' a' this for their guid!!

Ma certie, but the times are changed
(Oor learnin's been a' wrang),
The bairn maun hae free scowth—in fac'
Can dae whate'er comes up his back,
Rin oot or in, or ha'e a crack,
An' aiblins sing a sang.

JOHN BUCHANAN

SCHULE IN JUNE

There's no a cloud in the sky,
The hill's clear as can be,
An' the broon road's windin' ower it,
But—no for me!

It's June, wi' a splairge o' colour
In glen an' on hill,
An' it's me wad be lyin' up yonner,
But then—there's the schule.

There's a wude wi' a burn rinnin' through it,
Caller an' cool,
Whaur the sun splashes licht on the bracken
An' dapples the pool.

There's a sang in the soon' o' the watter,
Sang sighs in the air,
An' the worl' disnae maitter a docken
To yin that's up there.

A hop an' a step frae the windie,
Just fower mile awa',
An' I could be lyin' there thinkin'
O' naething ava'.

Ay!—the schule is a winnerfu' place,
Gin ye tak it a' roon,

An' I've nae objection to lessons,
Whiles—but in June?

ROBERT BAIN

THE LOST SHEEP

A sough wheeled roun' the peat-stack en',
The byre-door slammed, and Blake ran oot;
The reek cam' spewin' doun the lum
In volume like a water-spoont;
An eerie whine cam' frae the fa'
Abune the pool at Samson's brig;
The lambs a' coorit wi' their yowes
Ahint the dyke ayont the rig.

“Losh, Tam, ye'll no' can gang the nicht!”
The mither said as Tam cam' ben.
“Och, aye, I'll gang, an' syne be there
An' back afore it's chappit ten.”
The yellow moss was dreich an' wat—
An' six moss miles are mair like twal—
The gait was sair again' the rain;
But Tam was souple, young, and yal.

The lang-lost yowe had ta'en her bield
Ahint a muckle corrie rock.
In ga'ed auld Blake an' soucht her oot,
An' ne'er a word o' mouth Tam spoke.

The rain kep' on its blashin' skite,
 An' no' a steek on Tam was dry;
 But he got back the hour he said,
 An' hame he'd brocht the beast forbye.

"MILREOCH"

BABYLON IN RETROSPECT

I nicht dae waur than bide here a' my days,
 Whaur a' thing's aye, year in year oot, the same;
 Amang kent fowk, trailin' upon kent braes,
 I nicht dae waur than settle doon at hame.

To live content wi' little, kennin' weel
 That this warld's gear is coft wi' muckle care;
 To hae a change o' claes, a puckle meal,
 And peace o' mind—what needs a body mair?

To howk the grund whaur ance my forbears swat,
 To see the kirkyaird whaur some day I'll rest;
 Wha kens but mebbe some sic wey as that
 Wad gar me trow that a' thing's for the best?

It scunners me to think I'll hae to face
 Ance mair the senseless trokes I've left ahent;
 For in that clorty, smeeky, godless place
 There's naething that can gie a man content.

Wae's me to think on't, but your weary feet
 May wander up and doon a hail year through,
 And never in the towmond will you meet
 A chield that's sib to ane that's sib to you.

ALEXANDER GRAY

AT EVEN TIME

When the dambrod's pitten awa', and my cronies are
 gane
 To their ain fire-sides, and I've said Guid-nicht at
 the yett,
 And the wife's awa' to her bed, and I'm left my lane,
 I think o' things that I downa weel forget.

For though there's muckle that Time has stown awa,
 There's a hantle o' things that God has looten me
 keep:

The kindly crack o' my friends when they gie me a ca',
 Guid chafts and strang, and when I'm teired, sleep;

A wife that has aye been leal and guid to me;
 Bairns no unthankfu', noo they're bairns nae mair;
 Nae trauchle mair than what a man can dree;
 No muckle gear, but aye eneugh to spare.

I hae ha'en my share o' a' thing that life can send;
 I hae wrocht and played wi' the best; I hae daffed and
 kissed;

And noo that I've a' but come to the hender-end,
 There's naething that God has gi'en I cud weel hae
 missed.

And though I'm no sae swack as ance I hae been,
 I'm geyan fleet for a' that I've been through.
 My pow's fell frosty, but I'm hale and bien
 For ane that's wearin' near his lang rest noo.

Sae in my sittin' doon and risin' up
 I'll bless the Lord for herdin' me sae lang
 In lown green pastures. He has gar'd my cup
 Skail wi' his mercies,—they were aye that thrang.

He has guided me a' thae years, and noo for the lave
 I can surely lippen to him, and tak nae care.
 And when my feckless corp is laid i' the grave,
 Within God's hoose I'll bide for evermair.

ALEXANDER GRAY

PERSUASION

Haste ye to the window, Jean,
 For a lanely man am I.
 Let me see your bonny een
 Keekin' oot as I gae by.
 No ilka chield wad come sae far
 To hear your Mither's host's nae waur.

“ Tammas, I’ve a heap to dae;
 Bread to bake and claes to mend.
 Gin I hark to a’ you say,
 Gude kens whan the wark ’ill end;
 But since you’re there, I might as weel
 Be ceevil to a neebour chiel.”

Jeannie, lass, come doon the stair;
 I canna crack unless you’re near.
 There’s lots a body disna care
 To tell a lass, when fowk may hear.
 I wat you mak an unco phraise
 O’ bakin’ bread and mending’ claes.

“ Tammas, you’ve nae mense ava;
 You’re but an orra wanderin’ loon.
 You think that when you gie a ca’,
 I’ll leave my wark and hurry doon.
 I ken you’ve nocht to say to me;
 But, still an’ on, I’ll come and see.”

Jeannie, let’s gae up the hill;
 We’ll see the müne rise, by and by.
 It’s fine at nicht, when a’ thing’s still,
 To hear the corn-craiks in the rye.
 Lassie, think o’ a’ you miss,
 Indoors in sic a nicht as this.

“ Tammas, wha can eat brent bread?
 You ken yoursel’ it’s far frae richt;

But Losh be here, it is indeed
 A maist byordinar' bonny nicht.
 Forbye, it's no that michty late;
 You're no far wrang; the wark can wait."

ALEXANDER GRAY

AT SWEET MARY'S SHRINE

I'll sleep me soun' the nicht while sigh
 The saughs an' tender Ythan:
 They're singin' tae the sairest he'rt
 That e'er Luve aince was blythe in.

Luve broke my he'rt, an' got within—
 He only tried tae pain it:—
 How could Luve brak' sae saft a he'rt?—
 I never socht tae hain it.

I tak' the simple, ae-fauld thing
 That's been sae sairly siftit,
 An' lay it on sweet Mary's Shrine,
 An' leave her grace tae lift it.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON

THE FOX'S SKIN

When the wark's a' dune and the world's a' still,
 And whaups are swoopin' across the hill,
 And mither stands cryin', "Bairns, come ben,"
 It's the time for the Hame o' the Pictish Men.

A sorrowfu' wind gaes up and doon,
 An' me my lane in the licht o' the moon,
 Gatherin' a bunch o' the floorin' whin,
 Wi' my auld fur collar hapt roond ma chin.

A star is shinin' on Morven Glen—
 It shines on the Hame o' the Pictish Men.
 Hither and yont their dust is blown,
 But there's ane o' them keekin' ahint yon stone.

His queer auld face is wrinkled and riven,
 Like a raggedy leaf, sae drookit and driven.
 There's nocht to be feared at his ancient ways,
 For this is a' that iver he says:

"The same auld wind at its weary cry:
 The blin'-faced moon in the misty sky;
 A thoosand years o' clood and flame,
 An' a'thing's the same an' aye the same—
 The lass is the same in the fox's skin,
 Gatherin' the bloom o' the floorin' whin."

MARION ANGUS

THE BARD OF SCOTLAND

Scotland is his ! There's no' a sea,
There's no' a loch, there's no' a lea,
There's no' a daisy, no' a tree,
 He didna take
From God, and by his minstrelsy
 Did them remake.

There's no' a doug, there's no' a moose,
There's no' a lav'rock, singing crouse,
Nae beast, inside or oot the hoose,
 In field or heather,
But's recreated by his muse,
 Fur, fin, and feather.

And ilka stoun' that stabs the breast,
O' pilgrim man, wi' care oppress,
Wi' bloodless poverty distrest,
 Or cruel wrang,
He croon'd it ower, and gi'ed it rest,
 Like a mither's sang.

And a' the frichts that lasses get
And like tae gi'e, when love is met;
And a' the een wi' partings wet
 And blind tears, when
On Eden and its bliss, the yett
 Closes again:

And a' the skelps and skirls o' life—
 A goupin' tooth; a flytin' wife;
 Braird nipp'd wi' frost; and glanders rife
 Amang the cattle;
 And snash o' neebors, and the strife
 O' scandal's brattle:

And a' the fun o' mercat streets
 And masons' ludges; a' the treats,
 When drouthie cronie, cronie meets,
 And has him in;
 And a' life's pleasures, and the sweets
 Some folk ca' sin:

The hale o' life! the tangle o't,
 The muddled web they ca' a Scot,
 Burns stretched upon his breast, and wrought
 It wi' a spell,
 And through it, for a shuttle, shot
 His heart itsel'!

A. BOYD SCOTT

TREASURE-TROVE

Do you mind rinnin' barefit
 In the saft, summer mist,
 Liltin' and linkin' on the steep hill-heids?
 In below your tartan shawl, your hand wad aye twist
 Your bonnie green beads.

Do you mind traivellin', traivellin'
 Ower and ower the braes,
 Reistlin' the heather, and keekin' 'naith the weeds,
 Seekin' and greetin' in the cauld weet days
 For yer tint green beads?

Whist! Dinna rouse him,
 The auld sleepin' man—
 Steek the door; the mune-licht's on the lone hill-heids.
 Wee elfin craturs is delvin' in the sand,
 They canna miss the glimmer
 O' yer auld green beads.

Here they come, the wee folk,
 Speedin' fast and fleet—
 There's a queer, low lauchin' on the grey hill-heids—
 An' the bricht drops, glancin', followin' at their feet—
 It's green, green beads—
 The last ye'll ever see o' yer bonnie green beads.

MARION ANGUS

TO GOD

O Lord, I cannae understand
 The things that Ye pit aff Your hand:
 The earth and sea are greatly planned,
 I must admit;
 The heavens, glorious and grand,
 Prove Your fine wit.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 161

Bit whiles I think it ill agrees
Wi' a' the bonny things that please
To see the awfu' terrivees—
The tantrum stroke—
Wi' which Ye shape the destinies
O' us puir folk.

It's You that kens a' that's tae ken,
Richt frae the moose in his wee den
Unto the nether neuk far ben
Where comets flee
For sixty years, or mair, on en',
Where'er that be.

And when we see—we're no sae stuipet—
The comet's on a leash and griippet,
And led like ony collier's whippet
Upon the road;
We ken Ye're naewise mean or snippet—
You are a God!

Bit why should the Great Engineer,
That set thae worlds a' in gear,
And sent them spinnin' year by year
Wi' sic precision,
Delight to treat puir mortals here
Wi' cauld derision?

It's said Ye watch the sparrow's fa'
And keep a reck'nin' o' them a',

And still Ye send the drivin' snaw,
 And mak' it freeze,
 Till hunders o' them dwine awa'
 By slow degrees !

I often think the bonny floo'ers
 Are sweet thochts o' Your musing 'oors,
 Bit O, the fancy short endures
 Tae see Ye clutch
 Them up in wrathfu' sleety shoo'ers—
 A foul debauch !

A mither's hairt, a bairnie fair,
 Ye fashion baith wi' tender care,
 And syne some day Ye smash Your ware,
 Dang a' tae bits:
 The bairn is brocht in deid—noo there !
 That fairly grits !

I am na sic a hopeless duffer
 Bit what I ken it's guid tae suffer,
 Bit yet what wey sood Ye be gruffer
 Wi' some bit bairn
 That what Ye are wi' some auld buffer
 Whae needs his fairin ?

Ye see oor king set his hall-mark
 Upon some brewer or ither shark,

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCOTS VERSE 163

While bairnies gang without a sark
To pey the fee—
I'd strike the hale clamjamfry stark,
If it was me!

To mak' a' clear I strive and stumble
Till my puir wits are in a jumble,
Syne, in my weariness grown humble,
I come to see
That the God at wham I grumble
Is far yont me.

Jist as my^f dowg or wee jakedaw
May think me whiles an unco throw
That wields without a reasoned law
The ruling rod,
Hoo is a man fit to misca'
The weys o' God?

My dowg ne'er understands, I'm shair,
When instinct's strong implanted there,
What wey he soodnae hunt a hare
Or chase a cat;
Bit still I cannae my weys square
Wi' his for that. . . .

Lord, pardon a presumptious fule,
Whae thinks that wi' a lichted spill

He'll read the Great Inscrutable

Like A B C—

The meal maun ey gang thro' the mill,
And sae maun we.

ANDREW DODDS

THE LILT

Jean Gordon is weaving a' her lane,
Twinin' the threid wi' a thocht o' her ain,
Hearin' the tune o' the bairns at play
That they're singin' amang them ilka day,
And saftly, saftly, ower the hill
Comes the sma', sma' rain.

Aye she minds o' a simmer's nicht
Afore the waning o' the licht—
Bairnies chantin' in Lover's Lane
The sang that comes ower an' ower again,
And a young lass stealin' awa' to the hill,
In the sma', sma' rain.

Oh ! lass, your lips were flamin' reid,
An' cauld, mist drops lay on yer heid,
Ye didna gaither yon rose yer lane
And yer he'rt was singin' a sang o' its ain,
As ye slippit hameward, ower the hill,
In the sma', sma' rain.

Jean Gordon, she minds as she sits her lane
 O' a' the years that's bye and gane,
 And naething gi'en and a' thing ta'en
 But yon nicht o' nichts on the smoory hill
 In the sma', sma' rain—
 And the bairns are singin' at their play
 The lilt that they're liltin' ilka day.

MARION ANGUS

THE BUCHAN LASS

Her boxie's ropit i' the cairt
 Wi' a' her bits o' claes,
 Her new goon grips her waist about,
 Her sheen they irk her taes:
 Her face is to the south, and her hert is in
 her mouth,
 For it's far that she maun gang frae Buchan.

Her faither gies her gweed advice,
 Her mither, wi' grave look,
 Bids her guide weel her Sabbath hat,
 And daily read "The Buik."
 She's fee'd till English folk, and her hert
 is a' but broke,
 As she takes the weary gate frae Buchan.

The trainie's puffin' a' its micht,
 And speelin' up the brae:

The folk are chafferin' awa',
 She's nae a word to say:
 She stares wi' een unblinkin', but she's
 thumpin' up the thinkin',
 And she sees the mirk creep doon on Buchan.

She's landed noo in London toun,
 Her folk hae ne'er a flaw;
 But a'thing's sic a cheenge fae hame,
 And naething's richt ava':
 And i' the quate o' nicht, glintin' tear-
 draps dim her sicht,
 For the roof-tree that she lo'es in Buchan.

She that was swippert at the hairst,
 And swack about the byre,
 Gangs hirplin' ower the pavin' stanes
 Wi' feet that stoon wi' tire:
 Her fingers are a' thoombs when she's
 reddin' up the rooms,
 And she's lookin' for a line fae Buchan.

The food's ower fine, the life's ower grand,
 The folk speak saft as silk,
 O, for the braid tongues birlin' roun',
 And plash o' rich new milk !
 She'd gie her first year's fee to be steppin'
 light and free
 For her faither's canty cot in Buchan.

Noo time has ta'en a lowp on-by
 And mony cheenges wrocht;
 She's drawn up wi' a city lad,
 Her hert and hand he socht:
 Sin' he cam in aboot, she gangs trippin' in
 and oot,
 And she's thinkin' less and less o' Buchan.

She prinks and keeks afore the glass,
 And blithe the lad she greets;
 It's hard to say what shine the maist
 His lank locks or his beets!
 She's weddit far awa' fae her hame and
 kin and a',
 And there's newsin' round the fire in Buchan.

When Buchan sees her in her baws,
 Her man is by her side,
 She cracks in praise o' English ways,
 And fairly swells wi' pride:
 Her accent is brent new, like her duds o'
 fashion's hue,
 And she thinks the life ower slow in Buchan.

The road's ower dubbie for her feet,
 The brose she winna pree:
 She looks her three young sisters ower
 Wi' peety in her ee:

She canna' comprehend fo their life at
 hame they spend,
 And the weary days they dree in Buchan.

BARBARA ROSS McINTOSH

STRAUGHT, STRAUGHT'S A REED

Oh, but it was a bonny corpse
 An' straught, straught's a reed:
 Oh, but it was a bonny sight
 To look on't lyin' deid.

Wi' naething stickin' oot ava
 Frae the taes to the heid,
 An' a bonny smile about his mou',
 When he was lyin' deid.

The neighbours a' cam' troopin' ben
 To look on't lyin' deid,
 For oh, he was the bonny corpse
 An' straught, straught's a reed.

" We canna' thole to look on him
 Straught, straught's a reed,
 We like to think he's livin' yet,
 Though fine we ken he's deid."

But in they gaed, an' out they cam',
An' mighty proud to tell,
"It's bonny, bonny as a wean,
An' awfu' like himsel'."

That night efter the funeral
The auld wife grat fu' loud:
She cursed her man, she cursed the will,
She swore, an' swear she could.

She cursed, she grat, she grat, she cursed,
Wi' mony unholy name,
She shocked auld Jockie frae the North
O' strict religious fame.

She shocked auld Jockie frae the North,
She cared na hoo she spak',
She cursed the Lawyer, cursed the Priest,
She cursed the unholy pack.

"An' if I had my man this night
I'd tear him limb frae limb.
The siller's mine, the siller's mine,
I wrought for't weel as him.

"I tell ye, gin I wasna blind,
Ay, blind i' baith my een,
To see my man o' business
To Enbrugh Toon I'd been.

“ I warrant ye I’ll get my rights,
 I’ll mak’ the callant glow’r:
 To Enbrugh Toon I’m gane
 Gin Martinmas be owre.”

To Enbrugh Toon, to Enbrugh Toon,
 Straught, straught’s a reed,
 To Enbrugh Toon ere Martinmas,
 They’ve ta’en the auld wife deid.

WILLIAM OGILVIE

THE ROWAN

When the days were still as deith,
 An’ I couldna see the kye,
 Tho’ I’d mebbe hear their breith
 I’ the mist oot-by;
 When I’d mind the lang grey een
 O’ the warlock by the hill,
 An’ sit fleggit, like a wean,
 Gin a whaup cried shrill;
 Tho’ the he’rt wad dee in me
 At a fitstep on the floor,
 There was aye the rowan tree
 Wi’ its airm across the door.

But that is far, far past,
 An’ a’tning’s just the same,

But there's whisp'rin' up the blast
 O' a dreid I maunna name;
 An' the shilpit sun is thin
 As an auld man deein' slow,
 An' a shade comes creepin' in
 When the fire is fa'in' low;
 Then I feel the lang een set
 Like a doom upon my heid,
 For the warlock's livin' yet—
An' the rowan's deid.

VIOLET JACOB

“THE THING THAT'S DEEN”

Noo, tak' yer buiks an' learn yer wark,
 An' nae'ae ither wird be said:
 Gey-like to play till gloamin'-dark
 An' syne be ready for yer bed !
 That's nae the wye to maister ocht—
 Ye're aul' aneuch to hae mair thocht;
 Foo gar me threip on't ilka day
 It's first yer wark an' syne yer play?

“The morn's mornin'” did I hear?
 Some fowk's owre fond o' that doon-sit;
 Nae won'er they're aye in a steer,
 Aye plowter-plowt'rin' i' the bit !
 The sweer wye they pit aff 's nae mowse—
 Afore they're yok't it's time to lowse.

Ye canna lippen to the morn—
Wi' lippen'd ploos ye saw nae corn.

The morn, awat, gin't gie's a ca',
'Ull hae 'ts nain trokes for you an' me;
Sae tak' this tellin', eence for a',—
The thing that's deen is nae adee.
Fat eese noo is't to glunch an' glower?
Ye'd best sit doon an' get it owre:
Sae come yer wa's, yer lessons learn,
An' nae grow up a glaiket bairn.

• • • • •
It's forty, fifty year, an' mair,
Sin my wyce mither dreel't me weel.
I've wan'ert far, an' trauchlet sair,
An' got my licks in life's hard skweel;
Bit wi' her wirds stoups to my he'rt
I've warstl't throw an' deen my pairt;
I daur haud up my heid the day
By pittin' wark afore my play.

An' gin, forby, I played or vrocht,
I tried to min' my "man's chief en'";
To ser' my Maister aye I socht
An' on His blessin' to depen'.
Baith wark an' play are noo near by—
Gin they be a', then fat hae I?
Bit I've made pac' 'tweesh Him an' me---
That's ae thing deen that's nae adee.

DECEMBER GLOAMING

In the cauld dreich days when it's nicht on the back o' four,

I try to stick to my wark as lang as may be;
But though I gang close by to the window and glower,
I canna see.

But I'm sweir, rale sweir, to be lichtin' the lamp that early,

And aye I wait while there's ony licht i' the sky;
Sae I sit by the fire and see there mony a ferly
Till it's mirk oot-by.

But it's no for lang that I sit there, daein' naething;

For it's no like me to be wastin' my time i' the dark;
Though your life be toom, you can aye thank God for ae thing,

There's aye your wark.

But it wadna be wark I wad think o', if you were aside me.

I wad dream by the ingle neuk, wi' never a licht;
The glint o' your een wad be licht eneuch to guide me
The hail forenicht.

I wadna speak, for there's never nae sense in speakin';
By the lowe o' the fire I wad look at your bonny hair;

To ken you were near wad be a' that my hert wad be
 seekin'—
 That and nae mair.

ALEXANDER GRAY

THE TURN OF THE DAY

Under the cauld, green grass
 I hear the waukenin' burn
 The day's at the turn—
 Oh, winter, dinna pass !

Your snaw was white for a bride,
 Your winds was marriage wine.
 Love is fine, fine,
 But it doesna bide.

The saft, warm April rain
 An' the clear June day,
 An' floors o' the May—
 I'll see them a' my lane.

Under the cauld, green grass,
 Wee waukenin', wanderin' burn,
 Sing your ain sang.
 The day's at the turn,
 But simmer's lang, lang.

MARION ANGUS

GLANCES

O weel I mind the bonnie morn,
Richt early in the day,
When he cam' in by oor toun end
To buy a sou o' hay.

For O he was a handsome lad,
An' weel did cock his beaver'!—
He gar't my heart play pit-a-pat:
Yet—speered but for my faether !!

I turned aboot and gied a cast
That plainly said—"Ye deevil!—
Altho' ye be a braw young lad
Ye needna be unceevil!"

He glower't at me like ane gaen wud—
Wi' his daurin' rovin' e'en;
At that I leuch and wi' a fling
Flew roun' the bourtree screen.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY

DEIL MA CARE

It's a' owr, it's owr and bye:
It's a' owr, owr an' bye!—

She's taen the yae gaet—I the ither:
 She's owr the muir an' throu' the heather,
 An' nicht fa's in atween us O.

It's a' owr—it's owr an' bye:
 It's a' owr, owr an' bye!—
 An' deil-ma-care, I shanna swither—
 I'll keep the road o' hyne an' thither,
 Nor cast an e'en ahin me O.

It's a' owr—it's owr an' bye:
 It's a' owr, owr an' bye!—
 Tho' she be fair—O wha could bide her!
 An' yet I pray nae ill betide 'er
 That I hae kiss't sae kindly O.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY

CHRISTMAS CAROL

'Twas a cauld, cauld nicht i' the back o' the year;
 The snaw lay deep, and the starns shone clear;
 And Mary kent that her time was near,
 As she cam to Bethlehem.

When Joseph saw the toon sae thrang,
 Quo' he: "I houp I be na wrang,
 But I'm thinkin' we'll find a place ere lang;"
 But there wasna nae room for them.

She quo', quo' she: "O Joseph loon,
 Rale tired am I, and wad fain lie doon.
 Is there no a bed in the hail o' the toon?
 For farrer I canna gae."

At the ale-hoose door she keekit ben;
 But there was sic a steer o' fremmyt men,
 She thocht till hirsel': "I dinna ken
 What me and my man can dae."

And syne she spak: "We'll hae to lie
 I' the byre this nicht amang the kye
 And the cattle beas', for a body maun try
 To thole what needs maun be."
 And there amang the strae and the corn,
 While the owsen mooed, her bairnie was born.
 O, wasna that a maist joyous morn
 For sinners like you and me?

For the bairn that was born that nicht i' the sta'
 Cam doon frae Heaven to tak awa'
 Oor fecklessness, and bring us a'
 Safe hame in the hender-en'.
 Lord, at this Yule-tide send us licht,
 Hae mercy on us and herd us richt.
 For the sake o' the bairnie born that nicht,
 O, mak us better men!

ALEXANDER GRAY

CHRISTMAS GREETING

In the back o' the year, when your thochts are on us,
 Oors are on you.

It's a lang, dreich, waesome, wearisome road
 Sinders us noo.

Wha hasna freends that hae wandered awa?—
 God, michty few!

But, still an' on, it's real couthy to sit
 By the ingle and crack;

And we daff and we joke, though there's mebbe a hert
 That's maist like to brak.—

Here's to you, lads, whaurever you are,
 And, O, haste ye back!

ALEXANDER GRAY

THE VISITATION

At chappin' o' twal a ghaist there came
 Into Melchizedek Wabster's hame.

It stumpit but an' it stumpit ben,
 Till it stood by the bed o' that best o' men.

'Twas then Melchizedek swat wi' dreid,
 An' his grey hairs bristled upon his heid.

But his braw young wife—it was Jean, his third—
Slept by his side like a nesting bird.

Then thae words came with an icy breath,
“Melchizedek, I am the Angel of Death.”

“’Sakes,” said Wabster, “ye gave me a sweat,
But ye canna’ be wantin’ the lassie yet.”

The ghaist it lauched—“Auld man, ye’re gleck;
But ’tis you I’m wantin’, Melchizedek!”

Then dozent wi’ dreid, the guidman sat
Richt up on his bed, an’ girned an’ grat.

“Oh Angel,” he said, “ye come fu’ soon,
For ma brither is awin’ me half-a-croon.

“Forbye, to my faither-in-law I lent
A puttie-knife and a pattie o’ pent.

“I ken them weel. They will never pay
My heirs an’ assigns, if I’m ca’ed away.

“An’ what will this ewe-lamb dae her lane
In this vale o’ tears when I am gane?”

“Hoots, dinna ye fash,” the Angel said,
As he smote Melchizedek Wabster dead.

But the bonnie bit bride, she didna stir
 Till the sun an' the birds they waukened her.

Then she raxed oot her han', and thro' his sark
 She felt Melchizedek cauld an' stark.

She crept tae the door, that waefu' bride,
 An' at the stair-heid she stopped an' cried—

“Kirsty!”—thae words she fand strength to say—
 “We'll juist be needin' ae egg the day.”

IAN D. COLVIN

THE PILGRIMS OF FASHION

(AN EDINBURGH BALLAD)

Gustavus Dalrymple of Pittenrigh
 Had acres broad and lineage high.

The first Dalrymple to hold his lan's
 Ran for King Geordie at Prestonpans.

The son of that hero by retrogression
 Was a great law lord o' the Court o' Session.

Wha mairrit a lady mair prood than fair
 Wha was sib, they say, tae the Earl o' Stair.

An' the lawfu' fruit o' that union great
Was the laird i' the tale I maun now relate.

Gie me leave to add that the scene o' the story
Was that famous City o' reek an' glory,

Where the Laird had come his braw calash in
To pay his devoirs to rank an' fashion.

Wi' his man in livery brave an' new
Lately advanced frae the tail o' the ploogh.

A silent man they ca'ed Tammas Scrim
(The Laird had a great conceit o' him).

"Tammas," he said, ere they started awa',
"Ye'll find the cairds i' a drawer i' the ha',
An' at ilka door ye maun drap in twa."

Weel, they traivelled sooth an' they traivelled north,
Frae Merchiston to the Firth o' Forth.

Tam said nae word, but worked wi' a will,
Round Ravelstone Dykes an' Corstorphine Hill.

An' syne thro' a' the North Toon they're gane
By square an' terrace o' ashlar stane.

The orra horse clattered wi' hairy feet
Thro' Drumsheugh Gardens an' Princes Street.

Till the Wauchopes, an' Lockharts, an' Balfours, an'
 Bairds
 Were a' pranked oot wi' a pair o' cairds.

An' the orra horse was weel nigh deid
 Ere they stemmed the brae at Fairmileheid.

An' the Pentlands were throwin' lang shades an' dark
 When they passed the hoose o' Lord Justice Clerk.

“ ‘Tis the last,” said the Laird, wi' a deep-drawn sigh,
 “ Ye'll be hame in time tae milk the kye.”

“ Aye, Laird,” said Tam, “ an' man alive,
 The doors we hae chappit were twenty an' five.

“ Which leaves o' the pack exaictly twa
 Tae gie to His Honour, the heid o' the law.

“ But twa guid anes I've kept,” said this lad o' pairts,
 “ The curse o' Scotland; the ace o' hairts.”

IAN D. COLVIN

THE HOWE O' THE AULDTON

Gie me the Grey Howe
 At the fit o' the Spittal Brae,

Fan the sun lifts up wi' a lowe
 Fae the wimplin' bay . . .
 Gie me the Blae Howe
 On a winter's day.

Gie me the Lang Street
 That gyangs by the College Gate,
 An' the Bajan's swippert feet
 That loup fan he's late.
 Gie me the Thrang Street,
 Wi' the loons in spate.

Gie me the Auld Toon:
 For Time wi' his shearin' heuks
 Devalls at the sicht o' my goon
 An' my birn o' buiks.
 Gie me the Cauld Toon
 Wi' its noddin' neuks.

J. M. BULLOCH

A PLOOMAN'S LAMENT

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 I'se warrant we pairt at the term;
 I was ne'er sae hard-wrocht in ma life:
 It's mair like a jile than a ferm.
 The bothy is waur than a sty:
 The caff bed wi' loupers is rife;

Ye're no' as weel hoosed as the kye
 When fee'd tae a fermer in Fife.

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 A Renfrewshire lad kens the differ;
 It's, oh, for a sicht o' the Gryffe,
 Or a blink o' the Braes o' Gleniffer !
 There wark wi' the daylight is dune,
 An' at e'en there's some pleesure in life;
 But ye toil by the licht o' the mune
 When fee'd tae a fermer in Fife.

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 But that's no' the warst o' ma tale:
 He's gotten a jaud o' a wife,
 That grudges ye saut tae yer kail.
 Gey scrimp is the fare at ilk meal,
 An' she flytes wi' a tongue like a knife;
 Oh, ploomen, tak' arles frae the deil.
 But haud clear o' the fermers o' Fife !

W. D. COCKER

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

ABERDEEN, 1924

This ae nicht, this ae nicht
 By the saut sea faem,
 The auld grey wife

O' the auld grey toon,
 She's biddin' her bairns hame
 Fae the far roads
 An' the lang roads
 An' the land that's ayont them a',
 She's cryin' them hame
 Til her ain toon
 Atween the rivers twa.

This ae nicht, this ae nicht
 Fan the win' dra's fae the sea,
 Thir's a laddie's step
 On the cobbled steens—
 Fatna laddie can it be?
 Is't him that sang
 Wi' the stars o' morn,
 An' brak his he'rt
 On a bleedin' thorn
 An' thocht nae mair o' me?

This ae nicht, this ae nicht,
 The mirk an' the dawn atween,
 Yon bairn he weers the Gordon plaid
 An' his een's the eagle's een.
 He sings as he gangs
 By the Collidge Croon,
 He fustles it ower the faem,
 A queer auld rune.
 Til a gey auld tune,
 I'm thinkin' my bairn's won hame.

For it's: “*Brig o' Balgownie,
Black's yer wa',
Wi' a mither's ae son
An' a mare's ae foal
Doon ye sall fa'.*”*

MARION ANGUS

DANDIE

Come in ahint, ye wan'erin' tyke !
 Did ever body see yer like ?
 Wha learnt ye a' thae poacher habits ?
 Come in ahint, ne'er heed the rabbits !
 Noo bide there, or I'll warm yer lug !
 My certie ! ca' yersel' a doug ?
 Noo ower the dyke an' through the park :
 Let's see if ye can dae some wark .
 'Way wide there, fetch them tae the fank !
 'Way wide there, 'yont the burn's bank !
 Get roon' aboot them ! Watch the gap !
 Hey, Dandie, haud them frae the slap !
 Ye've got them noo, that's no sae bad :
 Noo bring them in, guid lad ! guid lad !
 Noo tak' them canny ower the knowe—
 Hey, Dandie, kep that mawkit yowe !
 The tither ane, hey, lowse yer grip !
 The yowe, ye foumart, no' the tip !

* Byron knew this rhyme as a child.

Ay, that's the ane, guid doug ! guid doug !
 Noo haud her canny, dinna teug !
 She's mawkit bad; ay, shair's I'm born
 We'll hae tae dip a wheen the morn.
 Noo haud yer wheesht, ye yelpin' randie,
 An' dinna fricht them, daft doug Dandie !
 He's ower the dyke—the de'il be in't !
 Ye wan'erin' tyke, come in ahint !

W. D. COCKER

FA'KIRK FEEIN' FAIR

To the feein' fair at Fa'kirk, Flora cam' frae Stenhouse-muir,
 Wi' a feather in her bonnet an' a jewel in her hair,
 An' she gar'd the callans turn aboot wi' her camsteerie air,
 For she wasna' just a gawkie at the Fa'kirk feein' fair.

Comin' owre the road by Carron an' thro' Grahamston to the fair,
 Flora met some randy-beggars, but she gi'ed them a' a skair;
 Sae the tinkers ca'd her "Cutty-Kate"; she was sae deil-ma-care
 That they ken'd she wadna fa' ahint at Fa'kirk feein' fair.

When she crossed the crooded market an' gaed up the
 Vicar Brae,
 She had seekers daffin' wi' her, but she made them a'
 look blae.
 Ane gaed stottin' owre the siver for the trick he tried to
 play—
 She had played wi' bools an' peeries an' flown draigens
 in her day.

Tam, the Camelon smith, cam' forrit, but she didna toss
 her heid;
 "Him an' her" cleeked up the High Street like twa
 bairns o' Fa'kirk breed.
 Silly coofs aboot the steeple said that Tam was past
 remead,
 An' the lass, they said, had muckle on't, but little in
 her heid.

At the shows they joined their cronies ha'ein' shies an'
 pitchin' rings;
 Turn-aboot they tried the shootin'; a'-at-ance they
 boarded swings;
 When they mounted habby-horses, Flora tied her
 bonnet strings
 An' cried oot, "Noo, Tam, ye'll haud me ticht, I'm
 feart my pownie flings!"

Wi' the babblin' an' the lauchin' a' the lassies' sides were
 sair,

An' the hamegaun was as merry a' the way to Stenhousemuir,
On thro' Bainsford, owre the water, mony a braw bewitchin' air
On the concertina cheered them up the road frae Fa'kirk fair.

"MILREOCH"

MARY'S SONG

I wad ha'e gi'en him my lips tae kiss,
Had I been his, had I been his;
Barley breid and elder wine,
Had I been his as he is mine.

The wanderin' bee it seeks the rose;
Tae the lochan's bosom the burnie goes;
The grey bird cries at evenin's fa',
"My luve, my fair one, come awa'."

My beloved soll ha'e this he'rt tae break,
Reid, reid wine and the barley cake,
A he'rt tae break, and a mou' tae kiss,
Tho' he be nae mine, as I am his.

MARION ANGUS

HAME! HAME! HAME!

Are the hame braes ableeze
 Wi' the bonny gouden breem?
 Are the green goons slippin' on the trees?
 Are the lovers takin' by-roads
 For fear o' bein' seen?
 Dis the orra loon aye coort the kitchie deem?

Is the burnie splashin' clear
 Owre its marled steeny bed,
 Aflicker wi' the shadows o' the scrogs?
 His the sun shot the bere?
 His the yalla skellach fled?
 Are the simmer mists hingin' owre the bogs?

Are the speckled yalla troots
 Plump! plumpin' in the peels,
 Faur fisher mutes are pirnin' in their reels?
 Are the coos in the haughs
 Glowerin' like a lot o' feels
 At the daft loons dookin' 'neth the saughs?

I've wanert faur and wide,
 Bit faith I canna bide
 Ony langer frae a burnie in a glen;
 Faur I'll tak the road at e'en
 As I did in dream the streen,
 Wi' a bonny lassie, I—eesed tae ken.

RISE AND FOLLOW, LASSIE

Kilt yer coaties tae the knee.
Rise, my lass, an' follow me,
Owre the burnie, owre the lea,
The world lies afore thee.
Hiven may gang tae hell for me !
I'll hae baith gin I get thee.
Fa cares, lassie, fa ye be !
I'll woo ye, win, an' wed ye.

The psalmist snivels, silly ass !
Time is passin' ! Lat 'im pass !
We will wither like the grass.
Lat's live afore we dee, lass.
Rank is jist an empty blaw,
Wealth takts wings an' flees awa',
Love is king abeen them a'.
Rise an' follow, lassie !

LEWIS COUTTS

THE WEAVER

He ca'ed on at the loom
And he sang gey blithe at morn,
And the treddle rose and fell
As he glinted at the corn;

And the couthie but-and-ben
 Was a wee warl' o' its ain;
 Wae's me! as I look back
 I canna think him gane.

He wore an auld red cowl
 That had aince seen better days;
 His sangs were sangs o' Burns,
 And Dauvid's Psaulms his praise;
 He snuffed and cracked awa',
 And the door stood wide agee;
 He had parritch for his breakfast
 And bannocks for his tea.

And the shuttle aye clacked on,
 He was gey content and crouse;
 And when the wab was spun
 He himsel' gaed but the hoose
 And clattered wi' the weans,
 Or paun'er'd doun the street,
 A black pipe in his mooth
 And braid bauchles on his feet.

And when Sawbath day cam' roun',
 He sat solemn in the kirk,
 And weighed election up
 And syne cam' hame at mirk.
 He was blithe as simmer morn
 Wi' a caun'le end for licht,

And he peered at the “Courant”
Through specs that spiled his sicht.

Oh ! they're a' awa’—lang syne,
Baith weaver, weans and wife.
I think they'd happy days—
They never ken’t oor strife;
But aft I see him sit
Wi’ wab and pirns and threed
Spinnin’ like life itsel’,
And I canna think he's deid.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS

CRONIES

Here at the Winter fire we sit,
Cronies, and unco snug;
A clear fireside, a lamp new lit,
And we twa on the rug;
Cronies in honest freendship knit,—
An auld man and his doug !

Yet no’ sae auld, and no’ sae stiff,
Nor yet without the will
To speil the brae, and get a gliff
O’ heather on the hill;
The caller air is guid to sniff,—
Guid baith for me and Bill !

His glossy coat, sae trig and ticht,
 Is of the chestnut hue;
 His nose is keen, and keen his sicht
 When rabbits loup in view;
 His pedigree may no' be richt,—
 But lord! his heart is true!

And fine he kens whare rabbits rin,
 As brisk he taks the road;
 First up the brae, he waits abin
 For whistle or for nod
 To start his rampauge 'mang the whin,—
 Since I'm his human god!

Gosh! but he kens the richt and wrang
 As weel as you or me;
 He kens the gate he ocht to gang,
 But whiles he gangs àjee,—
 Then tail, and lugs, and head doon hang,
 While guilt coors in his e'e!

He crawls the earth wi' humble air,
 He pleads to be forgiven;
 And what can man or doug do mair
 Wha's conscience is hard-driven;—
 But ae kind word maks Bill aware
 That kind words are his heaven!

Oh! trusty soul; oh! simple creed;
 Kindness that casts oot fear

Is still this auld earth's sairest need
 To bring millenium near;
 Sae Bill and me are fast agreed
 That it's no' far frae here:—

For there he sprawls upon the rug
 Afore the Winter fire;
 While here sit I, content and snug
 As ony in the shire;
 A couthie hame, a faithful doug,—
 What mair can man desire !

HAMISH HENDRY

SAUNDERS MACSICCAR

Ae müneless nicht in a blear October
 Auld Saunders MacSiccar gaed dodderin' hame;
 He wasna near fou, nor he wasna richt sober,
 Though I sair misdoot if he kent his name;
 When there at the cross-roads, staked and tethered,
 Glowered a black goat ! Or was it a deevil?
 "Preserve us," quo Saunders, "since noo we've
 fortherered,
 A sinfu' auld man had better be ceevil!"
 "You're richt," quo the Goat.

Guid guide us ! thocht Saunders, sure this is no' canny,
 It's as true as I'm sober I heard the baste speak;

A clever wee deil could change hides wi' a nanny,
 And still mak' its hame in the Brunstane Reek;
 But natheless it's tied wi' a gey stout tether,
 Sae I'll speak it fair, for this cowes the cuddy:—
 “Braw nicht,” quo Saunders, “and no’ bad weather
 For deils, or goats, or a daunderin’ buddy!”
 “Braw nicht,” quo the Goat.

Weel, that’s fair and friendly, thocht Saunders
 MacSiccar,
 And it’s plain as his beardie I’ve naething to fear;
 Though I’m no’ gaun to argy, and it’s ower dark to
 bicker,
 There’s twa-three bit questions I’d like fine to speer!
 I’m a Scotsman mysel, I was born doon at Fintry,
 And this deil has the Scots twang, whaever has
 bred ’um:—
 “Do you no’ think,” quo Saunders, “oor grand auld
 kintry
 Has drapped a gey hantle o’ its dour smedдум?”
 “You’re richt,” quo the Goat.

“I kent I was richt, man; and this is the way o’t,—
 The flyte and the fecht are noo clean oot o’ fashion;
 Ye daurna noo throw for the yea or the nay o’t,
 But pouch your opinions row’d up like a rashion;
 It’s no’ your ain tüne, but what ither folk whistle
 That noo ye maun dance till, or else ye’ll repent it!

Am I no' richt in saying the prood Scottish thistle
 Is no' just as jaggie as what we hae kent it?"
 " You're richt," quo the Goat.

" The kirks noo," quo Saunders, " hae tint a' their
 flying,

Since I was a laddie and crooned ower the Carritch;
 Oh! the brisk collyshangie! Oh, the barking and
 biting,—

Lord! yon was the spurkle steered saut in oor parritch!
 But noo things are wersh,—ilka poopit's bow-wowless,

While the Carritch, guid help us, grows shorter and
 shorter;

It's a dowie auld Scotland, forjeskit and thowless,

Noo the kirks are mixed throwther and brayed in a
 morter!"

" You're richt," quo the Goat.

" And whare is the freedom that made Scotland prooder
 Than ony prood kintry frae here to the Indies,—
 The freedom oor faithers won, shouder to shouder,
 When Scotland was Scotland, and shindies were
 shindies?

Nae dreams for the drouthy, nae honest free drinking;
 Laws here and rules there, wi' teetotalers to hinder;
 But, between oor twa sels, am I no' richt in thinking
 We're no' jist the folk to gang dry as a cinder?"

" You're richt," quo the Goat.

“ Fine I kent I was richt; I’ve a wonderfu’ noddle;
 I can see through a whinstane as far as anither;
 And if ye’re the deil, Gosh ! I carena a boddle
 For we’ve ‘greed on a’ hands, as brither wi’ brither.
 But I maun get hame, sae I bid ye guid nicht noo;
 This road is gey dark, yet I ken a’ the links o’t;
 It’s just like the world; and am I no’ richt noo,—
 The deil and a Scotsman, they ken a’ the kinks o’t !”
 “ You’re richt,” quo the Goat.

HAMISH HENDRY

PEACE IN GLENALLEN

Oh ! Guid bethankit for this Sabbath-day,
 This bonnie Sabbath-day;
 When I was young the wale o’ months was May,
 And May is heartsome, noo that I am auld;
 Bethankit for the heigh blue sky abin,
 The gowans white, the yellow o’ the whin;
 Bethankit for yon laverock’s cheerfu’ tüne,
 And a’ the green braes round me, fauld on fauld.

The Auld-Kirk bell has stopped ! I like it best,
 Atweel I like it best,
 When its wee tow-rowed clapper tak’s a rest,
 And a’ the glen, aince mair, is still, is still;

Then I can hear the ewes' far-cairried cry,
 And think my ain bit thochts; mind wi' a sigh
 Yon merry days lang syne: and smile forbye,
 Watching twa jinking lammies on the hill.

Here at the lown hoose-end I sit my lane,
 Lanesome I sit my lane;
 Dreaming, as in a dwam, o' all that's gane
 Since I was daft as ony lamb mysel';
 Running aboot the braes frae morn to nicht,
 When ilka hour o' ilka day was bricht;
 Ah! then my heart, my lassie's heart, was licht—
 Unkent was care, unkent the Passing Bell!

But why should I compleen? I've had my share,
 Guid kens I've had my share,
 Of canty days, and nichts without a care.
 The Lord's my shepherd! gifts He sent to me—
 A blythe fireside, a gudeman o' the best,
 And sax braw bairns! Hard work wi' little rest
 Has been my lot; but yet I maun confes't,—
 The end o' hairst aye brocht my penny-fee!

Nae mair the kirk for me; I'm far ower frail,
 Surse me! but I am frail!
 I've kent the day when I wad kilt my tail
 And tak' the long road ower the hill, to hear

The true Word preached. But noo the Kirkton Fast,
 And a' the grand auld preachers—passed, a' passed !
 Neist time I cross yon hill will be the last;
 Cheerfu' I'll gang, in faith, without a fear !

Sair, sair I grat, but noo I canna greet,
 I'm far ower auld to greet,
 For my gudeman that's gane; the saut tears weet
 Nae mair, cheeks that were like the simmer rose,
 But noo are thin and grey; a' things maun cease;
 And yon hot tears that brocht the heart release
 Are mine nae mair; God faulds me in His peace;
 This bonnie day I tak' what He bestows !

HAMISH HENDRY

THE GANGREL IN THE KIRKYAIRD

I'm auld an' thowless, yet I ha'e tae thole
 Ma weight o' years, an' tramp the stoury road.
 Daith doesna aye wale weel when he tak's toll:
 Noo, tae the mools, he brings, ower sune, his load.

For he was young, they tell me, blyth an' brave;
 No' wearit yet nor fain tae lay him doon.
 Slow-steppin' frien's ha'e followed tae the grave;
 Douce, in their sober blacks, they gether roun'.

Simmer tak's payment for an ower green Yule.

Yont, whaur the birk-trees bloom in leafy row,
A bonnie lassie staun's wi' face o' dool:

Puir thing! I'm thinkin' she has tint her jo.

Doon by the hedge a mavis whistles sweet;

The lassie turns awa'; tears blin' her e'e.

Wae's me! gin I were deid, there's nane would greet.

O lad that's gane, a gangrel envies ye!

W. D. COCKER

SUPERANNUATED

A merry gangrel cam til Insch,
An' he was sair forjeskit
Wi' empty wallet, mill an' painch,
An' duddie coat an' waistcoat.

Below his knee his shirpit hose
Scarce met his tatter'd trewsers;
The rosy bloom upon his nose
Proclaimed a prince o' boosers.

But aye a light danced in his e'e,
Like cairngorm or jasper,
That shines in nane wi' heart o' stane
Or common bottle-grasper.

He likit weel a sweeter tune
 Than sound o' siller clinkin';
 He bore the gree at sang an' spree,
 And wasna blate at drinkin'.

Sae hirplin' on to ease his shanks
 Beside some bleezin' ingle,
 An' steppin' ben to Lucky Glen,
 Quo' he, "Thank God, I'm single:

"There's monie a man wi' wife an' wean
 Gangs traikin' thro' the kintra;
 Gin I've a pain, it's a' ma ain
 Frae Aiberdeen to Fintray."

He sat him doon amang a core
 O' rantin' merry plewmen;
 To turn his back on sang an' crack,
 Gude faith ! was mair nor human.

He leugh an' lilit wi' the lave
 The lee-lang nicht in's glory,
 Till barley-bree had fixed his e'e,
 An' then he tauld his story:

"In forty-nine this neb o' mine
 First thro' the shell cam peepin';
 'Twas fair, they say, as ivorie,
 Or gudewife's finest dreepin'.

“But noo ye see ’t—a beacon bright,
It maks na how ye drench it:
A burnin’ and a shinin’ light,
Nae Pussyfoot could quench it.

“For I hae plied the tinkerin’ trade
Frae Dunnet Heid to Yarrow,
Hae lain in monie an ourie bed
Wi’ neither mate nor marrow;

“An’ monie a naig I’ve sat ahint,
Windsuckers and windpassers;
An’ socht in vain for wit an’ brain
In monie a lad an’ lass, sirs.

“An’ when the east wind fires the face
Maist like a flamin’ sunset,
An’ hail an’ sleet ower miles o’ peat
Drive wild wi’ furious onset—

“When icicles hing frae the nose
E’en when your cutty’s sughin’,
I’ve wished masel in heaven or—well,
Some warmer place than Buchan.

“But cantie carles can lichtlie care,
An’ sang can mak’s forget,
And usquebae’s the deidliest fae
That sorrow ever met;

“An’ aft on sunny simmer days
 When burns rin murmurin’ sweet,
 An’ laverocks chant an’ Poussie plays
 Where lea an’ muirland meet,

“I hymn God’s praise in simple lays
 Like mavis clear or lintie,
 Threescore an’ ten, but young again
 And blithe as ane-and-twenty.

“Wi’ nature, sang, an’ usquebae,
 Auld age—ye needna fear it;
 And he that canna lo’e the three
 Is damn’d or else deleerit.”

* * * *

The plewmen billies said “Guid-nicht ”
 Just as the mune appearin’
 Like a gowden ship began to slip
 Amang the starnies steerin’;

Jock Forbes gaed hame a waefu’ gate
 Deep in the moss-hags lairin’;
 And twa were spied at mornin’ tide
 Still on the white mune starin’;

Big Willie Graham, a sonsie chiel,
 That wons ayont Auchleven,
 Clamb ower three hills to reach his biel
 And endit wi’ the spavin’;

Tam Broun lay doon on Dunideer,
 Where warlocks haud their revels,
 An' dreamed the Hieland Host drew near
 Like twenty thousand deevils;

But oor auld man lay snug an' ticht
 Atween the blankets snorin',
 And waukent wi' the noonday licht
 Warm through his winnock pourin'.

D. H. CRAWFORD

BLOOM ON CLYDE

They tell me the bloom is oot on Clyde,
 On ilka side;
 Up by Hyndford, Cora-linn,
 Nemphlar, Kirkfieldbank, Carfin,
 Crossford, Dalserf, Orchardswell,
 Garrion, Carbarns, Dalziel—
 The very names are bloom themsel'.

They tell me the bloom is oot on Clyde,
 As for a bride;
 On the heich and sunny knowe,
 In the lown and loamy howe;
 Snaw o' gean, slae, pear and ploom,
 Blush o' aipple, gowd o' broom:
 Shairly Nature's pooch is toom.

They tell me the bloom is oot on Clyde,
 An I maun bide
 Close aneth the raploch claes,
 Haudin' doun my fidgin' taes:
 Was there ever sic a plicht,
 Sic mischancy, mauchless wicht?
 No anither cheep the nicht!

JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN

THE TINKER'S ROAD

The broon burn's speerin',
 Frettin' a' the wye,
 "What gars ye gang
 Auld Tinker's Road,
 Whaur there's naither fouk nor kye,

Kirk nor croft nor mill,
 A' thing lane and still?"
 But it's aye "Haud on"
 Wi' the Tinker's Road
 Fur the far side o' the hill.

Stannin' stanes gloomin',
 Grim an' straucht an' dour—
 "An unco place for a Tinker's Road
 On sic a ghaist-rid moor!"

Ghaist or witch or deil,
Stanes o' dule an' ill,
It's aye "Hing in"
Wi' the Tinker's Road
Fur the far side o' the hill.

The black thorn's maenin',
"O rauch winds, let me be!
Atween ye a'
Ye've brak ma he'rt,
An' syne I canna dee!"

Weerin' til a threid,
Smoored wi' mosses reid,
The soople road wins ower the tap
An' tak's nor tent nor heed.

The muir-cock's crawin',
"I ken a dowie bed
Far ben in a nameless glen
Wi' lady breckan spread."

Whaur dreepin' watters fill
The bonnie green mools intil,
The Tinker's Road maun sough awa'
At the far side o' the hill.

MARION ANGUS

PATRICK

Ye lads and ye lasses
 That rins thro' the toon,
 Hear ye aucht o' Auld Patrick
 Wha mends the fouk's shoon?
 Mendar' auld shoon,
 Tinkerin' at shoon,
 Grey o' the mornin'
 Till evenin' reid;
 An' the robin sings saft
 In the green glen-heid.

Ye gentle an' simple
 That walks in the wynd,
 Wi' Patrick be hamely,
 Wi' Patrick be kind.
 Doon the lang wynd,
 At the fit o' the wynd,
 Grim wi' sorrow
 And grey wi' greed . . .
 An' there's gowd on the broom
 In the green glen-heid.

I'll gang nivver mair
 At morn, nicht or noon,
 Lily-licht fitted
 On dancin' shoon,
 On elfin shoon,
 On fairy shoon,

Whaur the rose burns bricht
 An' the berry burns reid,
 Tae the he'rt o' the warld
 In the green glen-heid.

The lads and the lasses
 That rins ower the toon
 Cares nocht for Auld Patrick
 Wha mends the fouk's shoon.
 Puir auld shoon,
 Weerin' dune !
 Grim wi' sorrow
 An grey wi' greed . . .
 He was my ain luv
 In the green glen-heid.

MARION ANGUS

THE FIDDLER

A fine player was he . . .
 'Twas the heather at my knee,
 The Lang Hill o' Fare
 An' a reid rose-tree,
 A bonnie dryin' green,
 Wind fae aff the braes
 Liftin' and shiftin'
 The clear-bleached claes.

Syne he played again . . .
 'Twas dreep, dreep o' rain,
 A bairn at the breist
 An' a warm hearth-stane,
 Fire o' the peat,
 Scones o' barley meal,
 An' the whirr, whirr, whirr,
 O' a spinnin'-wheel.

Bit aye, wae's me !
 The hindmaist tune he made . . .
 'Twas juist a dune wife
 Greetin' in her plaid,
 Winds o' a' the years,
 Naked wa's atween,
 And heather creep, creepin'
 Ower the bonnie dryin' green.

MARION ANGUS

THINK LANG

Lassie, think lang, think lang,
 Ere his step comes ower the hill.
 Luve gi'es wi' a lauch an' a sang,
 An' whiles for nocht bit ill.

Thir's weary time tae rue
 In the lea-lang nicht yer lane

The ghaist o' a kiss on yer mou'
An' sough o' win' in the rain.

Lassie, think lang, think lang,
The trees is clappin' their han's,
The burnie clatterin' wi' sang
Rins ower the blossomy lan's.

Luve gi'es wi' a lauch an' a sang,
His fit fa's licht on the dew.
Oh, lass, are ye thinkin' lang,
Star een an' honey mou'?

MARION ANGUS

MARGARET

O Margaret! when, a callow youth,
I thocht that thou in vera truth
Wert faur abune the lave,
I didna ken sic fancies, born
Sae delicate, micht sune, forlorn,
Be streekit for the grave.

But there is ae thing, Margaret,
That I'd be swear, swear to forget
Ere Death sall ring my knell—

Hoo aft the gowden strain in thee
 Did mingle wi' the dross in me,
 Till I seemed gowd mysel'.

JOHN BROWN

THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL

At hame this nicht,
 Gin I were there,
 They'd bring a licht
 An' set a chair.
 They scarce wad see
 Thro' wattery e'en:
 They'd speir at me
 Whaur I sae lang had been.

But hoo could I
 Gang hame like this?
 Disgrace may try
 Wi' guile to miss
 Its certain curse,
 But a' in vain.
 An' what's faur worse
 'S the thocht o' ithers' pain.

Could I forget
 A' I hae dune,
 An' free frae fret
 Juist dauner in

An' be at hame,
 I ne'er wad hear
 A word o' blame:
 The smile wad dry the tear.

But hoo could I
 Gang hame like this?
 I weel micht sigh
 For sic great bliss,
 Gin it were less.
 Ma warstlin' soul
 Forgiveness
 Is no' yet fit to thole.

JOHN BROWN

GRANNY'S WASHIN'-BINE

I dinna min' when Granny dee't,
 It maun be lang sinsyne;
 For e'en afore I gaed tae schule
 We had her washin'-bine.

It wis a pea-green pentit ane,
 A' girrt wi' airn baun's,
 Sae weichty that it needit twa
 Tae lift it on the staun's,

Ilk Setterday at gloamin-time
 'Twas on the kitchen flair;
 The lamp turn't up, an' a' us bairns
 Wi' mither gethert there.

Frae stowp an' boilin kettle she
 A lu'-warm bath sune made;
 Syne, sarkless to bend ower the bine,
 Ane efter ither gaed.

Weel saipit first were heid an' feet,
 Rubb'd syne, an' laved atween;
 Ilk mannie pursin' close his lips
 An' steekin' fast his e'en,

Tae keep the saipy water oot
 Or aiblins smoor a cry,
 Till ower his heid a towel was thrown,
 His streamin' face tae dry.

The nicht-goons neist were slippit on,
 The breeks slipp't aff, atweel;
 An' seated roun' the side, we scrubb'd
 Oor legs, frae hip tae heel.

Syne on the rug afore the fire
 (Oor chins up tae oor knees)
 We birselt us, baith front an' back;
 An' ate oor scone an' cheese.

A warnin' word 'boot lyin' quate,
 A kiss—then aff we gae
 Tae say oor prayers till oorsel's,
 An' dream in Blanket Bay.

On washin'-days 'twas reamin' ower
 Wi' rowth o' sapples, seen
 When ilka ane wi's tinny fu'
 Blew bubbles on the green.

An noo's an' than's a nippin' nose
 Or watery e'e tae dicht;
 When hauf-blawn bubbles spark't or burst
 Or didna rise a' richt.

Yet a' the same we skreicht wi' joy
 Gin mebbe twa or three
 Stuck close thegither, sail't awa'
 Abune the aipple-tree.

But oh! when Hallowe'en cam roun',
 It wis the best o' a',
 Wi' scores o' aipples soomin' in't,
 Reid-cheikit, big an' sma'.

A spurkle sent them in a swirl,
 An' on a chair we stood
 Abune the bine, wi' fork in teeth
 Tae speet whate'er we could.

Sax shots apiece was a' we got,
 An' misses werena few;
 For aimin' wi' a twa-tae'd fork
 Needs steady e'e an' mou'.

The dookin' follow't efter that,
 The russets dancin' roun',
 While ower the side a' necks were bent
 An' heids bobb'd up an' doun.

Each strivin' tae dook up the maist
 An' keep them at his side;
 Syne when the bine at last was toom,
 Tae mak' a fair divide.

An' tho' we're noo a' grown-up men,
 We min' o' auld langsyne
 An' aft come ower the splores we had
 Roun' Granny's washin'-bine.

JOHN BUCHANAN

THE GRAVE-DIGGER

A' come to me: I gaither them in,
 Elspeth, Saunders, every ane;
 Owre the cobbles, oot o' the ha',
 I gaither the crap when the broun leaves fa';

Young folk, auld, baith rich and puir,
 Frae dingy slum and ayont the muir;
 For folk maun leeve as I often say
 When I pat awa' whaur the auld banes lay:
 If folk didna dee I couldna leeve,
 We a' maun gang; we sudna grieve.
 Mony's the hole that I've howked here
 Simmer and winter frae year to year;
 And whiles the yirth fa's in on me
 Till I'm clarty or stoory as ye can see;
 But I ca' awa'; it's a healthy tred,
 And it's no' sae bad when ye're hoosed and cled.

A' come to me; I gaither them in;
 Wi' shool and spade I haud and bin'
 Like death himsel'; there's rale peace noo
 When I dicht my spade and wipe my broo.
 A wee tait yirth on the coffin cast
 Mak's frien's wi' death when a' thing's past.
 The minister sabs a wee bit prayer
 And soughs awa' the murner's care;
 Then I come in and warkman-like
 Hing my auld jaicket on the dyke,
 And canny rum'le the mools anon;
 For fifty year, eh! nane like John,
 For weans or young folk or deid auld;
 Wow! but the warl' gets toom and cauld.

“Fifty year,” says I to mysel’
 Whiles when I howk, or toll the bell;

I canna houp to dae muckle mair
 For noo my back gets stiff and sair
 At a teuch job whaur it's laigh and deep,
 And through the nicht I gang aff my sleep;
 And though I've had mony a nerra shave
 I doot I'll sune be needin' a grave.

I'll sune be bedrid, I'll hae to gang,
 I've had my day and howked for lang;
 But I've aye leeved but a step awa'
 Frae the lair; and when his frien'ly ca'
 Death mak's on me wha hae lang served him
 He'll coup me easy, I'm auld and slim;
 Peter'll sheuch me canny doun,
 And folk in this bed aye sleep soun'.

I'll be nae great corp at my age noo,
 But I'm entitled as ye'll alloo
 To sax feet o' the lounest grun'
 In the hail kirkyaird o' Donnertoun.
 And when Gabriel puffs his cheeks to blaw,
 I houp I'll no' be by the wa'
 Wi' my feet laigh below to draigle oot
 Taigled, wi' chafts as white's a cloot
 Ahint them a', lookin' cauld and eerie
 As if I had waukened wi' baith een bleerie.
 I want to be up wi' ither folk
 And no' look daft-like wi' the shock;

Sae keep in mind a' that I say,
And there's the minister—Gude-day.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS

FAIR STRATH O' ENDRICK

Fair Strath o' Endrick, in my dreams
I hear the liltin' o' thy streams;
Thy kindly hills are in my sicht
In mony a waukrife 'oor at nicht.
How peacefully thy gloamin's fa',
Fair Strath o' Endrick, faur awa'!

Green haughs o' Endrick, whaur the kye
Graze by the river glidin' by;
How often 'mid the stour o' war
I mind on thee, sae fair, sae faur!
An' mony a staury nicht I think:
The same staurs ower Strathendrick blink.

Deep woods o' Endrick, fresh an' green,
I gang whaur forests ance hae been,
By drumlie streams that whiles rin red.
An' if God wills my bluid be shed
It shallna, Endrick, be in vain
If safe thy woods an' streams remain.

Fair Strath o' Endrick, in my dreams
I hear the liltin' o' thy streams;

Here, 'mid a hate that's born in hell,
 My he'rt wi' love on thee does dwell.
 Aye peacefu' may thy gloamin's fa',
 Fair Strath o' Endrick, faur awa'!

W. D. COCKER

THE FAIRY PIPER

The Fairy Man gaes doon the glen,
 An' up the brae; by yon birch tree
 He gies his pipes a merry skirl—
 'Tis aye the lilt o' the pipes wi' me.

The music sounds sae wondrous sweet,
 Mair sweet than harp or psalterie;
 The air I canna richtly ken,
 The lilt yon piper played tae me.

Whiles it is gay, then unco sad,
 It brings the tear into my e'e,
 An' draws the he'rt frae out my breast,
 The lilt yon piper played tae me.

My tools lie idle in the shed,
 I canna thole the things I see;
 I wad I were anither man,
 For aye the pipes be callin' me,

I gae on Sabbath tae the kirk,
 Frae siclike thochts tae set me free;
 Nae holy words come tae my mind,
 For aye the pipes be callin' me.

I stand tae sing the bonnie Psalms;
 I eye the Buik, nae words I see;
 My he'rt gaes jinking doon the glen,
 For aye the pipes be callin' me.

The preacher's voice sounds far awa',
 A guid and godlie man is he;
 Nae words I hear, for on the hill
 Yon liltin' pipes be callin' me.

The sinner to destruction hies,
 Doon the broad road sae fair tae see;
 Maybe I'll gang that way mysel'
 Gin the pipes spring a lilt tae me.

But maybe no; my ways I'll mend,
 As puir men dae, before I dee,
 An' fit me for yon gowden harps,
 Wi' nae mair liltin' pipes for me.

But lyin' cauld in you kirkyard,
 Gin that wee mannie pipes tae me,
 I'll loup the wa' an' gang awa',
 For it's aye the lilt o' the pipes for me.

TO M.M.O.

THE LAST TESTAMENT

MAOLDONN

"A bed death, a priest's death,
 A straw death, a cow deaf,
 Such death likes not me."

Kingsley.

Some dee in their beds,
 But that's no' for me;
 On the tap o' the hill
 Is the place to dee.

Thro' yon wee steikit pane
 There is nocht to see;
 On the tap o' the hill
 Is the place to dee.

Nae leech will I hae
 Wi' his pharmacie;
 On the tap o' the hill
 Is the place to dee.

Nae minister man
 Wi' his trinitie;
 On the tap o' the hill
 Is the place to dee.

Wi' face to the sky
I lie cannilie;
On the tap o' the hill
Is the place to dee.

Yon godless auld bird
Will howk at my e'e;
On the tap o' the hill
Is the place to dee.

Nae care will I hae
For sic pleasantrie;
On the tap o' the hill
Is the place to dee.

My wee bit white banes
Nae mair man shall see;
On the tap o' the hill
Is the place to dee.

Some dee in their bed,
But that's no' for me;
On the tap o' the hill
Is the place to dee.

A. B. CORDER

TEMPLE LISTON

I'll rest me in Kirkliston
 When my day is at its close,
 In the kirkyard under the belfry tower
 Whaur the cushat comes an' goes,
 Whaur the sun an' the rain'll fa' on me
 An' the auld aft-chappit bell
 Will ca' me back ilk Sabbath morn
 To the place I loved fu' well.

I'll hear the Almond that runs sae near,
 (For a' there's the brae between,)
 She'll whisper me messages saft an' sweet
 O' her haughs an' her willows green,
 And abune my heid the bairns'll play
 At tig the stanes aboot
 While the folk are singin' the skailin' psalm
 Before the kirk comes oot.

I likit aye to see them there
 Frae my seat in the loft up-bye,
 I could watch them at the collection whiles
 Wi' the tail-end o' my eye
 Runnin' an' joukin' amang the graves,
 An' it made me unco' glad
 For I kent God's way o' lookin' at death
 Was the way the bairnies had.

There were whiles lang syne, aye sittin' there,
 I couldna' thole to look
 At the cauld grey stanes in the grass oot-bye,
 An' I keepit my eye on the Book,
 For my mind was chokit an' black wi' pain
 That had nae relief o' breath,
 Though I kent that the masterpiece o' Life
 Is the thing that men ca' Death.

I aye thocht then, as I'm thinkin' still,
 That I wad like fine to lie
 Whaur I could hear the Sabbath hymn
 Frae under the sunny sky,
 I was fond—ye ken—o' the open air,
 And fond o' the canty view
 O' the Pentland Hills frae the Auld Kirk yett
 Wi' their howes an' their crannies blue.

An' far awa' in the smoky west
 I'll see the bings o' shale,
 They were bonny things in the gloamin' grey
 Wi' their blues an' their crimsons pale;
 When the winter mirk was gatherin' chill
 In the drift o' an easterly haar
 There are times I hae thocht that the shale-heaps' licht
 Was the licht o' the evenin' star.

Ay! Lay me in Kirkliston,
 For it's there I was God's guest

At His communion table whiles,
 An' it's there I'll tak' my rest;
 The stars they shine fu' kindly there
 When the Lothian nicht comes doon,
 An' I'll rest by the folk I used to ken
 In the streets o' the Templars' Toon.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON

A GANGREL LULLABY

Shoo, shoo, wi' a wee shoogy shoo,
 Bieldit weel, happit weel, fa' asleep noo,
 Mither's ain dawtie, mither's wee doo,
 Red-heidit laddie, ma ain cushie-doo.

Day's fadin' fast frae the bughts on the bens,
 Mist-wraiths hing white ower the broos o' the bens,
 Dreepin' wi' rain are the dowie grey glens,
 Blatter'd wi' weet are the lane langsome glens,
 Taigl't are we, weary are we,
 Weary and wat fa's the nicht on oor way,
 Weary and wat hae we trampit a' day,
 Nae bonny sun glints red gowd on the bens,
 The mist like a ghaist drifts through mirk o' the glens.

In the darklin' wee fir-wood it's dry, ma doo, warm, ma
 doo,
 By the bricht fire, laddie, fa' asleep noo,

Trees shak' the weet frae their dark boughs aboon us,
Noo a wee breeze frae the wast comes tae croon us
Saft tae oor rest, sune tae oor rest,
Red-heidit lad at his ain minnie's breist,
Bairn in the bield o' his ain minnie's breist,
She by her man in oor tent ticht an' true.

Brown earth wi' pine-needles mak's gran' halesome beds,
Sweet, sweet is the scent that the bonny birk sheds,
The licht smoke hings greyly aboon oor tent mou',
Shoo, shoo, wi' a wee shoogy shoo,
Weel happit, weel bieldit,
Weel snuggl't and shieldit,
Frae the cauld an' the mirk,
Frae the rain an' the dew,
Red-theekit laddie, wee croodlin' doo..
Nod awa', nod awa', nod awa' noo,
Clouds drift apairt, there are starns i' the lift,
See how they glimmer an' keek frae yon rift,
Biddin' ma bonnie bairn fa' asleep noo,
Snuggle in, creep in,
Warm shall ye sleep in
Your ain minnie's plaid till the sun clim' the broo,
The bonnie dawn-sun clim' the muckle hill-broo.

Roun' yellow moon rises up ower the bens,
The win' herds the mist-wraiths up ower the bens,
Shakin' the weet irae the woods i' the glens,
Frae craps an' frae floers i' the fields o' the glens,

Big waters roar wild i' the glens frae the bens,
 Cosy oor bed is an' canty are we,
 Cradl't an' couthie, ma doo an' ma dear,
 Ma doo on ma breist, an' ma dear lyin' near
 Roun' yellow moon rises up ower the bens,
 Win's herdin' the mist-wraiths up oot o' the glens.

JANETTA I. W. MURRAY

MIRREN M'KEE

Miss Mirren M'Kee is my name, if ye please.

I'm still my ain mistress at auchty-an'-fower,
 Though the beaux cam' aboot me, biz-bizzin' like bees,
 And I might hae been mairriet a dizzen times ower.
 They'd daunder on simmer nichts doon by the glen,
 Ilk ane o' them keekin' at Mirren M'Kee,
 And gin they said naething they meant mair, ye ken—
 Was ever a wumman sae pestered wi' men
 As me?

Ae Sabbath in simmer I ga'ed to the kirk

In a goon and a shawl o' an emerald shade.
 "Ye mind me, Miss Mirren," quo' Maister M'Turk,
 "Of a pund o' fresh butter row'd in a kail blade!"
 It was mair than a coampliment, dinna ye ken?
 Sic a glint as he had in the tail o' his ee;
 And he might hae said mair but the bell stoppit then
 Was ever a wumman sae pestered wi' men
 As me?

The market had skailed, when ahint his grey mear

Wull Thompson drew up at the heid o' the brig,
And or ever I kenned, withoot stoppin' to speir,

He oot and he oxtered me into the gig.

Sae canty he crackit! We neared the road-en',

"Dod! I ne'er kenn'd the milestanes flee quicker,"
quo' he,

And he nicht hae said mair, but we cowpit jist then—

Was ever a wumman sae pestered wi' men
As me?

A wheen o' the neebours ae Hogmanay nicht

Gaed hame to their beds, but Bardarroch sat on
In a kin' o' a dwam—fegs! he luikit no richt.

Syne he says, "Ye're a wunnerfu' haun' at a scone.
I ne'er tasted better, I canna mind when

I'se eaten a dizzen sic bannocks tae tea."
And he nicht hae said mair but my feyther cam' ben—

Was ever a wumman sae pestered wi' men
As me?

To tell o' them a' wad take ower lang a time—

Rab Meikle o' Mossland an' Sandy M'Tier,
(Wi' his poke-fu' o' sweeties) and Airchibald Syme.

But there's jist ae thing mair I wad say in yer ear.

A weedower's sendin' me scarts o' the pen;

I'll mebbe no aye be Miss Mirren M'Kee.

I haudna wi' boastin' or blawin', ye ken,

But was ever a wumman sae pestered wi' men

As me?

M. C. S.

THE AULD ANGLER: HIS FIRST TROOT

I've had my pridefu' meenits,
In my lang pilgrimage,
But when a' is said and deen—It's—
Could I turn back Life's page—

I'd tak' ae bonnie mornin'
Wi' the sun on lea an' hill,
An' the soun' o' water churnin'
Roun' the clapper o' a mill,

An' I'd sit aside my wahnie
Wi' a dead troot owre my knee—
But ah! "*labuntur anni*
Fugaces, Postume."

MARY SYMON

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- P. 7.—"The Auld-Farrand Carter." *A Dark Night's Work*. J.
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- P. 10.—"The Parish Doctor." *Carmina Urbis et Ruris*. MacLehose
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- P. 13.—"The Whistle." *Chambers's Journal*, 10th Feb., 1906
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- P. 24.—"Erchie Thomson, Loquitur." *Glasgow Evening News*, 1st
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- P. 25.—"Dream Children." *Glasgow Evening News*, 6th June, 1908.

- P. 26.—“Jess o’ the Mains.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 30th July, 1908.
- P. 28.—“The Boy’s September.” *Glasgow Herald*, 16th Sept., 1909.
- P. 29.—“The Packman.” *Hamewith Constable*, 30th Nov., 1909.
- P. 35.—“Conscience.” *Glasgow Herald*, 17th Dec., 1909.
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- P. 40.—“The Mother.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 22nd Feb., 1911.
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- P. 43.—“The Drover.” *Glasgow Herald*, 20th June, 1911.
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- P. 47.—“Country Quiet.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 26th March, 1912.
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- P. 49.—“The Sair Finger.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 29th June, 1912.
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- P. 57.—“The Gowk.” *Country Life*, 22nd Nov., 1913.
- P. 58.—“The Sax Sillies.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 15th Jan., 1914.
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- Pp. 91, 93, 95.—“The South Countrie,” “Home Thoughts from
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- P. 114.—“Ploughing the Lea.” *Scottish Farm Servant*, Feb., 1919.
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- P. 118.—“The Tinkler.” *Country Life*, 22nd Nov., 1919.
- P. 121.—“The End o’t.” *Country Life*, 3rd Jan., 1920.
- P. 122.—“The Soldiers’ Cairn.” *Graphic*, 17th Jan., 1920.
- P. 123.—“Gin I was God.” *Aberdeen Daily Journal*, 27th Jan., 1920.
- P. 124.—“A Cheery Guid Nicht.” *Graphic*, 31st Jan., 1920.
- P. 126.—“Nostalgia.” *Scottish Farm Servant*, Feb., 1920.
- P. 130.—“The Stranger.” *Glasgow Evening Times*, 7th April, 1920.
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- P. 142.—“The Cynic.” *The Auld Doctor*. Constable, 23rd Nov., 1920.
- P. 143.—“In Exile.” *Aberdeen Free Press*, 11th Jan., 1921.
- P. 145.—“Robert Burns the Lover.” *Scottish Farm Servant*, Feb., 1921.
- P. 147.—“A New Beginning.” *Weekly Scotsman*, 5th Feb., 1921.
- P. 148.—“The Auld Schule an’ the New.” *Scottish Educational Journal*, 3rd June, 1921.
- P. 150.—“Schule in June.” *The Morrisonian (Crieff)*, July, 1921.
- P. 151.—“The Lost Sheep.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 4th July, 1921.
- P. 152.—“Babylon in Retrospect.” *Glasgow Herald*, 22nd July, 1921.
- P. 153.—“At Even Time.” *Glasgow Herald*, 20th Sept., 1921.

- P. 154.—“Persuasion.” *Graphic*, 24th Sept., 1921.
P. 156.—“At Sweet Mary’s Shrine.” *Plain English*, end of 1921.
P. 157.—“The Fox’s Skin.” *Scots Pictorial*, 28th Jan., 1922.
P. 158.—“The Bard of Scotland.” *Glasgow Herald*, 28th Feb., 1922.
P. 159.—“Treasure-Trove.” *Scots Pictorial*, 11th March, 1922.
P. 160.—“To God.” *Scottish Farm Servant*, June, 1922.
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P. 171.—“‘The Thing that’s Deen.’” *Aberdeen University Review*, Nov., 1922.
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P. 174.—“The Turn of the Day.” *The Lilt and Other Verses*. Wyllie (Aberdeen), 15th Nov., 1922.
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P. 180.—“The Pilgrims of Fashion.” *Morning Post*, 22nd March, 1923.
P. 182.—“The Howe o’ the Auldton.” *Alma Mater* (Aberdeen), April, 1923.
P. 183.—“A Plooman’s Lament.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 17th April, 1923.
P. 184.—“George Gordon, Lord Byron.” *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 28th April, 1923.
P. 186.—“Dandie.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 3rd May, 1923.
P. 187.—“Fa’kirk Feein’ Fair.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 12th May, 1923.
P. 189.—“Mary’s Song.” *Scottish Chapbook*, Aug., 1923.

- Pp. 190, 191.—“Hame! Hame! Hame!”, “Rise and Follow, Lassie.” *Scotch Hotch Potch.* Lindsay (Aberdeen), 15th Aug., 1923,
- P. 191.—“The Weaver.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 3rd Nov., 1923.
- Pp. 193, 195, 198.—“Cronies,” “Saunders MacSiccar,” “Peace in Glenallen.” *A Scots Dominie and other Poems.* Gowans & Gray, 10th March, 1924.
- P. 200.—“The Gangrel in the Kirkyaird.” *Glasgow Evening News*, 17th March, 1924.
- P. 201.—“Superannuated.” Printed as a leaflet in May, 1924.
- P. 205.—“Bloom on Clyde.” *Scottish Field*, June, 1924.
- Pp. 206, 208, 209, 210.—“The Tinker’s Road,” “Patrick,” “The Fiddler,” “Think Lang.” *The Tinker’s Road and other Verses.* Gowans & Gray, Dec., 1924.
- Pp. 211-230.—None of the poems on these pages had been published at 31st Dec., 1924, date of closing of the compilation of the present volume.

GLOSSARY

This glossary may possibly appear unnecessarily full to some Scotsmen. It has been made exhaustive because it is hoped that the book will be widely studied, not only in England, but in many continental countries where considerable interest in things Scottish has of late been increasingly evident.

To save space, only the present tense is given of verbs which form their past regularly in the English form -ed or the Scottish form -it. Thus, for instance, both "loup", *leap*, and "loupit", *leaped*, are not given. Where the past tense is irregular it will be found in its alphabetical order. The editor will be grateful for notice of any errors or omissions which readers may observe.

A', <i>all</i> .	Aiblins, <i>possibly</i> .
Aback o', <i>behind, at the back of</i> .	Aifter, <i>after</i> .
Abeen, <i>abin, above</i> .	Aik, <i>oak</i> .
Ablach, <i>an insignificant person</i> .	Aiken, <i>oaken</i> .
Ableeze, <i>ablaze</i> .	Ain, <i>own</i> .
Ablow, <i>below</i> .	Aince, <i>once</i> .
A'body, <i>everybody</i> .	Aipple, <i>apple</i> .
Aboot, <i>about</i> .	Airly, <i>early</i> .
Abune, <i>aboон, above</i> .	Airm, <i>arm</i> .
Adee, <i>to do</i> .	Airn, <i>iron</i> .
Adoon, <i>adown</i> .	Airn, <i>earn</i> .
Ae, a'e, <i>one</i> .	Airt, <i>art</i> .
Ae-fauld [one-fold], <i>simple</i> .	Airt, <i>n., direction, quarter (of the heaven)</i> .
Aff, <i>off, from</i> .	Airt, <i>v., to make one's way; as in "airtin' hame."</i>
Afore, 'afore, <i>before</i> .	Ajee, <i>astray</i> .
Aft, <i>oft</i> .	Ake, <i>oak</i> .
Aften, <i>often</i> .	Alane, <i>alone</i> .
Afterhin', <i>afterwards</i> .	Alerk, <i>on the watch</i> .
Agree, <i>ajar</i> .	A-lowe, <i>ablaze, afame</i> .
Agley, <i>astray, awry</i> .	Amaung, <i>among</i> .
Ahent, ahin', <i>ahint, behina</i> .	

Amo', among.	Ballant, ballad.
Ana' [and all], as well.	Bane, bone.
Anaith, aneath, aneth, beneath.	Bannock, coarse girdle-cake.
Ance, once.	Bap, breakfast-roll.
Ane, one.	Bare, in "didna get her bare," penniless.
Aneuch, enough.	Barefit, barefoot.
Anither, another.	Barkit, encrusted with dirt.
Antren, antrin, odd.	Barley-bree, whisky.
Apocheck [hypothec], concern.	B'ast, baste, beast, cow.
Argy, argue.	Bate, defeated.
Arles, earnest. An advance of wages that binds an engaged servant.	Bather, bother.
Arnut, pig-nut.	Bauchles, loose slippers.
Aroon', around.	Bauld, bold.
Aside, beside.	Baun's, bands.
A-swither, hesitating.	Baur, bar (v.)
'At, that.	Bawbee, halfpenny.
Athing, a'thing, everything.	Bawd, hare.
Athort, athwart.	Beddit, sent to bed.
Atweel, I wat weel, well I know, of course.	Beet, in "beet to mak' him Agent," were bound to. (Contracted form of behoved, sts. in form "büde".)
Atween, between.	Beets, boots.
Aucht, aught, anything.	Begood, began.
Auchtpence, eightpence. Six ana eight-pence is a lawyer's customary fee for writing a letter.	Ben, (adv.) within. e.g. Come ben the hoose, come into the room, to the inner apartment. A house of room and kitchen is "a but and ben."
Aul', auld, old.	Ben, (n.) a hill.
Auld-farrant, old-fashioned.	Benmaist, inmost.
Auld Kirk, Established Church of Scotland.	Benorth, to the north of.
Aul' Maids' Pride, popular name for a common flower; also called "London Pride" and "None-so-Pretty."	Benty, bordered by coarse grass.
Aumry, cupboard.	Bere, barley.
Auncient, ancient.	Besocht, besought.
Ava, ava', at all. e.g. Nocht ava, nothing at all.	Bethankit [sc. Lord], thank Heaven!
Awa, awa', arway.	Better threeve, thrave better still.
Awat [I wot], I know.	Beuk, book.
Awin', owing.	Bicht, a winding path.
Ayont, beyond.	Bicker, a wooden vessel for porridge.
Back-end, latter part of the year.	Bide, remain, dwell.
Baillie, cattleman.	Biel, bield, shelter.
Bairn, bairnie, child.	Bien, comfortable, well-to-do.
Baith, both.	Bigg (v.), build (e.g. a house): make up (e.g. a fire).
Bajan, a first year's student of Aberdeen University.	Biggin, biggin', building.
	Bike, wild bees' hive.
	Billie, fellow-man.
	Bin', bind.

Bine, <i>wooden w ish-tub.</i>	Body, <i>person, individual.</i>
Bing, <i>heap of mineral refuse.</i>	Bonspiel, <i>curling-match.</i>
Birk, <i>birch.</i>	Boo, <i>bow, bend.</i>
Birl (v.), <i>whistle; spin, cause to spin, as of a fishing-reel or a top.</i> Birl the puir bit shilpit weans, send them spinning like grain to the millstone. (<i>Of voices</i>), resound.	Bool, <i>marble.</i>
Birn, <i>burden.</i>	Boolie, <i>little ball.</i> "His boolie rowed sae fine," his luck twas so good.
Birse, <i>shoemaker's bristle attached to the waxed thread.</i>	Boondless, <i>boundless.</i>
Birss, <i>squeeze.</i>	'Boot, <i>about.</i>
Birsle, <i>birstle, burn.</i>	Boss, <i>empty.</i>
Bit, <i>a useful diminutive used with nouns, adjectives and adverbs. E.g., A bit lass, a lassie; A bit dry, rather thirsty. A bit cheerily, rather cheerily.</i>	Bothy, <i>bothie, men-servants' quarters in a farm.</i>
Bit, <i>place. I' the bit, in one place, without progress.</i>	Boukit, <i>of bulk; e.g. Little boukit, small in size.</i>
Bits o' claes, <i>clothes of a poor sort. The diminutive is rather contemptuous.</i>	Bourtree, <i>elder-tree.</i>
Bit, <i>but.</i>	Bow (of meat), <i>boll, measure (rhymes with now).</i>
Bizz, <i>buzz.</i>	Box-bed, <i>a bed with doors that were often shut by night. Common in old farmhouses.</i>
Blab, <i>blob.</i>	Brae, <i>declivity.</i>
Black-byde, <i>bramble, blackberry.</i>	Braid, <i>broad.</i>
Black-stackit, <i>black-stemmed.</i>	Braird, <i>young crop.</i>
Blae, <i>blue, pale, steely-blue, bleak.</i>	Brak, <i>broke.</i>
Blaeberry, <i>bilberry.</i>	Brak', <i>break.</i>
Blashin', <i>blattering (of rain).</i>	Brakin', <i>breaking.</i>
Blate, <i>bashful.</i>	Bram'le, <i>blackberry, bramble.</i>
Blatter'd, <i>beaten forcibly, as by hail or rain.</i>	Brattle, <i>clattering noise.</i>
Blaud, <i>spoil.</i>	Braw, <i>handsome, fine.</i>
Blaw, <i>blow, boast.</i>	Brawly, <i>quite well.</i>
Bleckened, <i>blackened.</i>	Braws, <i>finery.</i>
Bled, <i>blade.</i>	Breckan, <i>bracken.</i>
Bledder, <i>bladder.</i>	Breeks, <i>breeches, trousers.</i>
Bleed, <i>blude, blood.</i>	Breem, <i>broom.</i>
Bleerie, <i>bleary.</i>	Breest, <i>breist, breast.</i>
Bleeze, <i>blaze.</i>	Breid, <i>bread.</i>
Bleaze the burn, <i>kill salmon by burning torches and spearing them.</i>	Breith, <i>breath.</i>
Blether, <i>talk nonsense.</i>	Brent, <i>burnt (other form brunt).</i>
Blink, <i>glance.</i>	Brent new, <i>brand-new.</i>
Bluid, <i>blood.</i>	Bricht, <i>bright.</i>
Bocht, <i>bought.</i>	Brig, <i>bridge.</i>
Boddies, <i>folks. See Body.</i>	Brither, <i>brother.</i>
Boddle, <i>a copper coin of little value.</i>	Brochan, <i>meal-gruel.</i>
	Brocht, <i>brought.</i>
	Brock, <i>badger.</i>
	Brod, <i>board.</i>
	Broke, <i>in "the cadger broke," went bankrupt.</i>
	Broo, <i>brow.</i>

GLOSSARY

Broon, broun, <i>brown</i> .	Cadge, <i>beg</i> .
Brose, <i>pease-porridge</i> .	Cadger, <i>hawker</i> .
Brunstane, <i>brimstone</i> . Brunstane-reck, <i>hell-fire</i> .	Caff, <i>chaff</i> .
Brunt, <i>burnt</i> .	Caird, <i>sturdy beggar</i> .
Bubbly-jock, <i>turkey cock</i> .	Cairds, <i>cards</i> .
Buckie, <i>a small convoluted shell</i> . Buckie-beads, <i>the above strung together like beads</i> .	Cairn, <i>memorial mound of stones</i> .
Buddy, <i>body, person</i> .	Cairried, <i>carried</i> .
B'ue, <i>blue</i> .	Cairt, <i>cart</i> .
Bughts, <i>sheep-folds</i> .	Callan, <i>callant, stripling</i> .
Buik, <i>book</i> . 'The Buik, the Bille.	Caller, <i>fresh, bracing</i> .
Buits, <i>boots</i> .	Camna, <i>came not</i> .
Buirdly, <i>strapping, handsome</i> .	Camsteerie, <i>camstrairy, spirited ana difficult to manage, contrary</i> .
Bummie, <i>bumble-bee</i>	Canna, <i>cannot</i> .
Bummin', in "began the bummin'", <i>whimpering</i> .	Cannas, <i>canvas</i> .
Bunnet, <i>cap, bonnet</i> .	Cannie, <i>canny, quiet, gentle</i> . <i>The phrase "This is no' canny," means this is supernatural, or beyond ordinary reason</i> .
Burn, <i>burnie, brook</i> .	Cannily, <i>quietly, noiselessly</i> .
Busk, <i>dress; e.g., a fly-hook for angling</i> .	Canny (<i>adv.</i>), <i>easily, gently</i> .
Buss, <i>bush</i> .	Cantie, <i>canty, cheerful</i> .
But, <i>out, as opposed to Ben, in</i> . But the fleer, <i>out to the floor</i> .	Carle, <i>a man</i> .
But-and-ben, <i>but and ben, (1) a house of two apartments; (2) in kitchen and in parlour</i> .	Carritch, <i>Catechism</i> .
Butteries, <i>butterflies</i> .	Carse, <i>plain</i> .
But the hoose, <i>to the kitchen; e.g., from the parlour or the room; opp. to "ben the hoose,"</i>	Cartes, <i>playing-cards</i> .
Butty, <i>comrade</i> .	Cast, <i>glance</i> .
By, <i>compared with; e.g., in "big by you."</i>	Cast, <i>throw off; e.g. "Cast the coat" (preparatory to work)</i> .
Bydand, <i>the motto of the Gordon family. It means "waiting."</i>	Catched, <i>caught</i> .
Bye the bit, <i>beyond the [set] period</i> .	Catch-the-ten, <i>an old card-game</i> .
Bygane, <i>bygone</i> .	Catechis, "The Shorter Catechism," a book of divinity formerly memorised in all Scots schools.
Byke, <i>wild bees' hive</i> .	Cauf, <i>calf</i> .
Byliff, <i>bailiff. The river-watchers on Tweed are known as "water-bailiffs."</i>	Caul', <i>cauld, cold</i> .
By-ordinar', <i>beyond the ordinary</i> .	Caunle, <i>caun'le, candle</i> .
Ca', <i>call</i> .	Caup, <i>wooden bowl. "Claw the caup," be last at breakfast and find a nea ly empty bowl to scrape out</i> .
Ca' (<i>v.</i>), <i>to operate. E.g. Ca' a girr, to trundle a hoop. Ca' a rope, turn a skipping-rope. So "ca' canny," work as easily as possible</i> .	Cauper, <i>maker of wooden "caups" or bowls</i> .
	Caur, <i>calves</i> .
	Ceevil, <i>civil</i> .
	Certie, <i>see Ma certie</i> .
	Chackit, <i>checked</i> .
	Chafferin', <i>talking freely and in jocular fashion</i> .

Chafsts, <i>jaws</i> .	Clort, <i>mud</i> .
Chairge, <i>charge</i> .	Clorty, <i>muddy</i> (alt. form clarty).
Chanter, <i>part of a bagpipe</i> .	Closs, <i>entrance to farmyard</i> .
Chap (<i>of a clock</i>), <i>strike</i> .	Clout (<i>v.</i>), <i>mend, patch</i> .
Chappit hannie, <i>little hand whose skin is cracked with cold</i> .	Coaties, <i>petticoats</i> .
Chaw, <i>cherv.</i>	Coft, <i>bought</i> .
Cheenge, <i>change</i> .	Cogie, <i>milking-pail</i> .
Cheepers, <i>fledgling birds</i> .	Cogue, <i>a wooden pitcher</i> .
Cheip, <i>chirp</i> .	Collidge Croon, <i>the crown that surmounts King's College in Aberdeen</i> .
Chiel, <i>youth</i> .	Collops, <i>minced meat</i> .
Chiel, chield, <i>fellow</i> .	Collyshangie, <i>lively argument</i> .
Chimley-cheek, chumley-cheek, <i>side of the fireplace</i> .	"Commands," <i>Commandments</i> .
Chimley-heuk, <i>hook from which hang pots over the fire</i> .	Compleen, <i>complain</i> .
Chippit in, <i>interposed</i> .	Conceit, <i>opinion</i> ; e.g. "had a great conceit o'."
Chow, <i>cherv.</i>	Connach (<i>v.</i>), <i>spoil</i> .
Clachan, <i>hamlet</i> .	Consairn, <i>concern</i> .
Clack, (<i>n. or v.</i>), <i>the noise made by a weaver's shuttle</i> .	Couvoy, <i>accompany</i> .
Claes, <i>clothes</i> .	Coo, <i>cow</i> .
Claik, <i>gossip</i> .	Coof, <i>stupid person</i> . See Cuif.
Clairt, <i>slut</i> .	Coolins, <i>mountains in the island of Skye</i> .
Claihth, <i>cloth</i> .	Coont, <i>count</i> .
Clamb, <i>climbed</i> .	Coontin', <i>counting, i.e., arithmetic</i> .
Clamjamfry, <i>mixed assemblage</i> .	Coor, <i>coover</i> .
Clamp, <i>to tread noisily</i> .	Coorse, <i>coarse, hard</i> .
Clarty, <i>wet and muddy, sluttish</i> .	Coort, <i>woo, pay court to</i> .
Clash, <i>gossip</i> .	Core, <i>crowd</i> .
Clatch, <i>clutch</i> .	Cornal, <i>colonel</i> .
Clatch, <i>mess</i> .	Corrie, <i>hollow among hills</i> . Corrie-rock, <i>a rock in a corrie</i> .
Clatter, (<i>v.</i>), <i>talk merrily and noisily</i> .	Coucher, <i>provocative gesture preliminary to to a boys' fight</i> . Sometimes pronounced "courdie" or "courage".
Claw the caup. See Caup.	Counts, <i>arithmetic</i> .
Cleek, <i>salmon-gaff</i> .	Coupit the ladle, <i>played see-saw</i> .
Cleek (<i>v.</i>), <i>go arm in arm</i> .	Countryside, <i>neighbourhood</i> .
Cleekit, <i>stiff in the joints</i> . "Hardy cleekit shalht", <i>a pony of hardy nature, but stiff in the joints</i> .	Cou'ter, <i>coulter (part of a plough)</i> .
Cless, <i>class</i> .	Couthie, <i>couthy, comfortable</i> .
Clew, <i>ball of thread; something twisted like one</i> .	Corn-crake, <i>corn-craik, landrail</i> .
Clim't, <i>climbed</i> .	Corp, <i>corpse</i> .
Clod, <i>throw things (e.g. fir-cones) at</i> .	Couthie, <i>couthy, friendly, kindly</i> .
Cloud, <i>cloud</i> .	Cow, a "cut", <i>of hair being cut</i> .
Cloot (<i>v.t.</i>), <i>patch, mend</i> .	Coward, <i>coward</i> .
Cloot (<i>n.</i>), <i>cloth</i> .	Cowes, <i>overcomes</i> . "This cowes the cuddy," <i>this beats everything</i> .
	Coup, <i>cwp, overturn, overthrow</i> .

GLOSSARY

- Cowp, deal in; e.g., horses or cattle.
 Cowshus, cautious.
 Crack, in "crack a joke," make.
 Crack (*n.*), a friendly talk.
 Crack (*v.*), to chat in friendly fashion.
 Craft, croft, small holding.
 Crafter, crofter, small-holder.
 Craggit, long-necked. Cf. Craig-neck.
 Alt. form, craigie.
 Craik, importunate call, croak: e.g., of a crow.
 Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
 Crap, crop.
 Crap, crept.
 Cratur, cratur', creature.
 Craw, rejoice, crow.
 Craw crouse, to boast joyfully; lit. crow with joy.
 Credle, cradle.
 Creel, wicker basket, used for carrying fish or peats.
 Cried, proclaimed in church.
 Cried a halt, stopped in his course.
 Crood, crowd.
 Croodlin', cooing (as of a pigeon).
 Croodlin-doo, term of endearment; lit., cooing-dove.
 Crony, a bosom friend.
 Crook, hook from which pots are hung over the fire.
 Croon, croun, crown,
 Croose, crouse, cheerful, confident.
 Croose i' the craw, confident and talkative.
 Crooshie, crochet.
 Croughlin', coughing and wheezing.
 Cry, call, summon.
 Cry in, to make a call.
 Cud, could.
 Cuif, lout, stupid fellow. See Coot.
 Curse o' Scotland, name given to the nine of diamonds. It is said that a message of evil was on one occasion written on this card. Some declare that Cumberland wrote the order for the massacre of prisoners after Culloden on this card. For other theories see Cheviot's "Proverbs of Scotland."
- Cushat, wood-pigeon.
 Cushie-doo, wood-pigeon.
 Cuttie, cutty, a short clay pipe.
 Cutty (1) small: e.g., of a pipe.
 (2) saucy (of a girl).
 Dacent, decent, becoming.
 Dae, do.
 Daff (*v.*), dally amorously.
 Daft, whimsical, mischievous, irrational, mad.
 Daft-like, mad.
 Daith, death.
 Dambrod, draughtboard.
 Dams, draughts.
 Dancie, itinerant dancing-master.
 Dang, drove in, broke in. Past t. of ding.
 Darg, toil.
 Dask, desk.
 Daud (*v.*), strike with violence, set down with bang.
 Daunder, dauner, stroll, saunter.
 Daur, dare.
 Daurken, darken.
 Daurna, dare not.
 Dawtie, darling.
 Deave, deafen, worry.
 Dee, do.
 Dee, die.
 Deem, dame.
 Deen, done. Deen a neiper doon, got the better of a neighbour.
 Deep, dip.
 Devil, devil.
 Deid (as adv.), quite, completely. E.g., deid auld, deid slow.
 Deid, dead.
 Deedly, deadly.
 Deif, deaf.
 Deil, devil.
 Deith, death.
 Deleerit, mad, delirious.
 Dellin', delving.
 Den, ravine.
 Dervish's skip, making a rowan, transfix'd on a pin, dance in the air-current blown through a pipe-stem.

GLOSSARY

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Devall, cease, stop.	Dreep, drip.
Dhubrack, a dark-coloured fish.	Dreepin', dripping, clarified fat.
Dicht, wife.	Dreetle, dribble.
Dicky, detachable shirt-front, usually with collar attached.	Dreeve, drove.
Differ (<i>n.</i>), difference.	Dreich, wearisome, tedious.
Ding, overcome, dash with violence.	Dreid, dread.
Ding, sound of a bell.	Drook, drench.
Dinna, do not.	Droon, droun, drown.
Dirl, thrill, resound.	Drooth, drouth, thirst, dry weather.
Disna, does not.	Drouthie, drouthy, thirsty.
D'itet [doited], driven crazy.	Drumlie, turgid.
Div, do. E.g., div I? div ye? do I? do you?	Dryster, miller's man.
Divot, sod.	Dub, mire.
Docken, dock (the weed).	Dubbie, dubby, muddy.
Dod (exclamation), in truth.	Duddie, ragged.
Dodder, stagger.	Duds, clothes.
Do'e, dove (pronounced "doo").	Dule, sorrow. See Dool.
Doit, an old coin of little value; hence not a doit, not at all.	Dultie, lowest boy in class.
Dominie, schoolmaster.	Dune, done, exhausted.
Doo, dove.	Dung, p.p. of ding, knocked over, destroyed.
Dook, dip, bathe.	Dunt, thump.
Dool, sorrow. See Dule.	Dwam, swoon.
Doon, doun, down.	Dwine, fade.
Doon-sit, procrastination, delay.	Dyke, stone wall dividing fields.
Donnert, crazed, stupid.	'Ear, year.
Doot, doubt, suspect, surmise.	Earn, alder.
Doted, affected by mental decay.	Easy-osy (<i>adj.</i>), easy-going. Used as an interjection in a lullaby.
Dother, daughter.	Echty, eighty.
Douce, quiet, gentle, decent.	E'e, eye, pl. een.
Dour, stubborn, obstinate, gloomy.	E'en, evening.
Dowf, dowff, melancholy.	Eebree, eyebrow.
Doug, dowg, dog.	Eence, once.
Dowie, sad.	Eeno [the noo], just now.
Downa, durst not, dare not.	Eerie, unearthly.
Dozent, dazed.	Eese, use.
Dra, draw.	Effectual callin', part of the "Shorter Catechism" memorized in all Scots schools for years.
Draigen, a kite (toy).	Efter, after.
Draigle, drabble.	Eident, busy, diligent.
Dram, glass of whisky.	Elbuck, elbow.
Drap (<i>v.</i> or <i>n.</i>), drop.	Eller, elder (of the church).
Draw-moss, a kind of grass found in moor- land and hill country.	Ell-wan', ell-wand, measuring rod used by tailors
Dree, endure.	Elshin, shoemaker's awl.
Dreel, drill.	

GLOSSARY

Enbrugh, <i>Edinburgh</i> .	Feck, <i>greater part</i> .
Eneuch, eneugh, enough.	Feeckless, <i>awkward and lacking energy</i> . <i>Sometimes, lifeless</i> .
Euoo, enoo', <i>now-a-days</i> .	Fee (<i>v.</i>), <i>enter service</i> .
Ense, else, otherwise. <i>Used in phrase</i> “or ense,” if not.	Feein' fair, <i>hiring fair</i> .
E't, ate.	Feein' market, <i>hiring fair, where farm-</i> <i>servants are engaged</i> .
Ettle, try, endeavour. Ettle at fortune, make a bid for fortune.	Feel, <i>fool</i> .
Expeckin', expecting.	Fegs! <i>interjection of affirmation, assuredly</i> .
Ey [aye], always.	Fell (<i>adv.</i>), <i>very</i> .
Fa', fall.	Fell, <i>powerful and vigorous</i> .
Fa, who.	Fend, <i>manage</i> . <i>E.g. he'll fen' for himself</i> , <i>he'll get on well enough alone</i> .
Fack's death, as sure as death.	Fere, <i>vigorous</i> .
Fae [frae], from.	Ferly, <i>wonder, curiosity, sight</i> .
Faem, foam.	Ferm, <i>farm</i> .
Fa'en, fallen.	Ferner, <i>farmer</i> .
Faes, foes.	Feth, <i>faith</i> .
Faigs, an exclamation of surprise or em- phasis.	Feucht, <i>fought</i> .
Fain, fond.	Feyther, <i>father</i> .
Fain, gladly.	Fidge, <i>move nervously from desire, fidget</i> .
Fair (<i>adv.</i>), completely. <i>E.g. fair skirled,</i> <i>yelled aloud; fair dune, completely ex- hausted</i> .	Fiech, <i>an exclamation</i> .
Fairm, farm.	Files, whiles, times. <i>Antrin files, at odd times</i> .
Fairin', gift at a feast-time or a fair.	Fin, when.
Fairn, fern.	Fine, (<i>adv.</i>), nicely, well. <i>E.g. fine I ken, well I know</i> .
Faither, father.	Firth (on p. 133), <i>Firth of Clyde</i> .
Fan, when.	Fish. “A fish” in salmon-fishing districts always means a salmon.
Fan', fand, found. <i>Past t. of find</i> .	Fit (<i>n. or v.</i>), foot.
Fank, a sheepfold.	Fitba', football.
Fankle, entangle.	Fite, white.
Far, where.	Fite-fuskered, white-whiskered
Farm-toun, farm-steading.	Flaggit, paved with large flat stones, “flags.”
Farrer, farther.	Flair, fleer, floor.
Fash (<i>v. and n.</i>), trouble.	Flee, fie, fly.
Fat, what.	Fleg (<i>v.</i>), frighten; <i>p.p. fleggit</i> .
Fatna, what (<i>interrogative</i>).	Flit, remove, depart.
Faucht, faught, fight, struggle.	Flittin', removal of one's dwelling.
Faul', fold.	Floor, floo'er, flower.
Fauld, fold.	Floor, flour.
Faur, far.	Flowe, low-lying damp ground.
Faur, where.	Flud, flood.
Faut, fault.	Fluppin' butteries, <i>chasing butterflies with a cloth or cap for a net</i> .
Feared, feart, frightened, afraid.	
Fecht, fight.	

GLOSSARY

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Flure, floor.	Gab (v.), talk.
Flype, turn inside out.	Gad, fishing-rod.
Flyte, scold.	Gae, go.
Foalie, young foal.	Gae, gave.
Focht, fought.	Gaed, went.
Fog, moss.	Ga'en, gane, gone.
Foggie bee, bumble-bee.	Gaet, gait, gate, road, way.
Foo, how.	Gaird, guard. "Lay a gaird," a term in bowls for making a protective shot.
Fooge, to play truant, escape from school.	Gairden, garden.
Fond, foundation.	Gairten, garter.
Forbears, forebears, ancestors.	Gaither, gather.
Forby, forbye, besides, to boot.	Gamie, gamekeeper.
Forefolks, ancestors.	Gang, go.
Foregether, forgerther, assemble, meet.	Gang forrit, go to communion in church.
Forenicht, evening.	Gangrel, vagrant.
Forfochen, worn out with striving.	Gant, yawn.
Forgie, forgive.	Gar, gaur, make, cause to.
Forjeskit, tired out.	Garry, glen.
Forrit, forward, Gang forrit; see Gang.	Gate, way. Tak the gate, depart.
Fou, intoxicated.	Gaun, going (pres. part).
Foucht, fought.	Gaun, alternative form of gang, go.
Fouk, fowk, folk.	Gaup, a stupid person.
Foumart, a term of disparagement. (Lit., polecat).	Gawkie, an awkward person.
Fower, four.	Gean, wild cherry.
Fowin' peats, filling (a creel or barrow) with peats.	Gear, goods, property.
Fracaw, fuss. Fr. fracas.	Geegaw, gew-gaw.
Frae, from.	Geese, goose.
Freen', freend, frien', friend.	Geet, get.
Fremmit, fremmyt, foreign, strange.	Gether, gather.
Fricht, frighten.	Gey (adv.), considerably.
Fu', full. Fu' weel, very well.	Geyan (adv.), considerably, pretty.
Fule, fool.	Gey-like, a term of mild reproach. A gey-like thing, a thing one ought not to do.
Fullarton, a noted scholarship.	Ghaist, ghost.
Fulp, fulpie, puppy, whelp.	Gibbles, tools.
Fun', fund, found.	Gie, gi'e, give; past t., gie'd.
Fur', furrow.	Gimp [jimp], small and neat.
Furth, outside, out of doors.	Gin [gif], if.
Fussle, fustle, whistle.	Ging, go (variant of gang).
Futtle, whittle.	Gird a cogue, put hoops on a wooden vessel.
Futt'rat, weasel.	Girn, a snare.
Fyke, trouble unnecessarily.	Girn (v.), complain.
Fykie, troublesome.	Girr, hoop. E.g., a child's hoop or the hoop that binds a tub or cask.
Fyle, (n.), whale.	Girrt, bound with hoops.
Fyle, make foul, pollute.	
Fyou, few.	

GLOSSARY

Girse, grass.	The girse was set, the grass fields were let or leased.	Gude, guid, good.
Githert, gathered.		Gudeman, husband.
Glaiket, glaikit, lacking sense.		Gudewife, wife.
Glaur, mud.		Guff, breath, waft.
Gleck [gleg], clever.		Guide, manage, control, take care of.
Gled, kite.		Guid-sake, God-sake! an interjection of surprise.
Gled, glad.		Guid-sister, sister-in-law.
Gliff, brief view.		Gully, large knife.
Glint, gleam, shine, glance.		Gumption, common sense.
Gloamin', twilight.		Gussets, triangular pieces of land.
Glower, look steadily.		Gutty, the old solid rubber golf-ball, now obsolete.
Glunch, look gloomy.		Gweed, good.
Gomeril, gomm'ril, a stupid person.		Gweed, God. E.g., Gweed kens, God knows.
Goon, gown, dress.		Gyang [gang], go.
Gorbell't, with young bird partially formed.		Gyaun, going,
Gouden, gowd (en), gold (en).		Gyte, crazed.
Goup (v.), throb. E.g., of an aching tooth.		
Gowan, daisy.		Ha', hall.
Gowden, golden.		Haar, mist.
Gowf, golf.		Habber, stutter.
Gowffer, golfer.		Habby-horse, hobby-horse.
Gowk, cuckoo.		Hack (on hands), chap.
Gowk, a clumsy and stupid fellow.		Haddie, haddock.
Gowkit, scatter-brained.		Hadna, had not.
Gowl (v.), berate.		Hae, ha'e, have; p.p. haen.
Graavit. See Grauvit.		Hail, haill, whole.
Graith, gear. E.g., hunting or fighting or fishing gear.		Hain, save.
Gran', grand.		Haire, hoarse.
Grat, wept. Past t. of greet.		Hairst, harvest.
Graummar, grammar.		Hairt, heart.
Grauvit, woollen muffler, cravat, "Gray." Gray's "Arithmetic" was long a standard work in Scotland.		Hale, whole. The hale o', all.
'Gree, agree.		Halesome, wholesome.
Gree, in "bore the gree," prize. To bear the gree is to excel by universal consent.		Halfin', youth, hobbledehay.
Greet, weep.		Hame, home.
Griddle [girdle]. flat plate for cooking.		Hamegaun, homegoing.
Groff-write, large text.		Hamesteid, homestead.
Grumph, grunt, grumble.		Hantle, considerable number.
Grun', ground.		Hap (n. or v.), wrap, cover; p.p. happit, hapt, happed.
Grup, grip; p.p. gruppit.		Haud, hold; p.p. hauden, held.
Grutten, wept; p.p. of greet.		Haudna wi', hold not with, have no high opinion of.
Guaird, guard, keep watch over.		Hauf, half.
		Hauf-four, half-past three.

Haugh, *meadow*.
 Haun', *haund, hand*.
 Haurdly, *hardly, barely*.
 Hause, *larynx, throat*.
 Haver, *talk nonsense*.
 Hawick gill, *a generous measure of spirits*.
 Hech, *stutter from excitement and hesitation*.
 Hech, *pant*.
 Heich, heigh, *high*.
 Heicht, *height*.
 Heid, *head*.
 Hellcat, *wild and unmanageable*.
 Hender-en', *hender-end* [*hinder-end*],
 very end.
 Herp, *harp*.
 Herrie, *harry, rob* (*of a bird's nest or a
bees' hive*).
 Hert, *heart*.
 Het, *hot*,
 Heuck, *hook*.
 Heughs, *banks*.
 Heuk, *hook*.
 Hid, *had*.
 Hey, *hurrah*.
 Hicht, *height, hill-top*.
 Hie, *high*.
 Hielan', *Highland*.
 Hill-foot, *coming from the hill-country*.
 Hine, *hence*.
 Hine awa', *far from home*.
 Hin'er-en, *hind-quarters*.
 Hing, *hang*.
 Hinner (*n. or v.*), *hinder, hindrance*.
 Hinny, *honey* (*term of endearment*).
 Hirple, *to limp*.
 His, hiz, *has*.
 Hish, *drive in (of fowls)*.
 Hizzie, *young woman*.
 Hoast, *cough (also spelt host)*.
 Hod, hid; *p.p.*, *hod or hoddin, hidden*.
 Hodge, *move awkwardly*.
 Hogmanay, *December 31st*.
 Holm, *meadow*.
 Hoo, *how*.
 Hooie, *barter*.
 Hoodie-craw, *hoody craw, carrion-crow*.
 Hookey, *an interjection of admiration*.

Hoolet, *owlet*.
 Hoose, *house*.
 Hoosie, *a small house*.
 Hott'rin', *an onomatopoeic word describing
the sound made by porridge boiling*.
 Host, See *Hoast*.
 Houp, *hope*.
 Hover, *linger, delay*.
 Howe, *hollow*.
 Howk, *dig*.
 Howm, *holm, meadow*.
 Howp, *hope*.
 Hufe, *hoof*.
 Hump, *plod carrying a load*.
 Hunker, *to squat on the haunches*.
 Hunner, *hundred*.
 Hurdies, *buttocks*.
 Hurl, *ride (e.g., in a gig)*.
 Hurly, *small truck on wheels*.
 Hyne, *hence*.
 Hypothec. The *hale hypothec, the
whole concern*.
 Ilk, ilk, *each, every*.
 Ill, *difficult*.
 Ill-faured, *ill-favoured, ugly*.
 Ill-trickit, *full of evil tricks*.
 Inbye, *inside, within*.
 Ingle, *fireside*.
 Intil, *into*.
 Ingle neuk, *hearth*.
 Inscooped, *swept together*.
 I'se warn', I'se warrant, *I shall warrant;
a strong affirmative. Cf. I'se uphaud,
I'll uphold*.
 Isna, *is not*.
 Ither, *other*.
 Jag, *prick*.
 Jaggie, *prickly*.
 Jaicket, *jacket*.
 Jakedaw, *jackdaw*.
 Jaud, *jade, virago*.
 Jest, *just*.
 Jile (*n. or v.*), *gaol*.
 Jink, *to dodge, get out of the way of, to
dodge out and in*.

GLOSSARY

Jingo-ring, <i>children's ring where they dance round singing.</i>	Kye, <i>corus.</i>
Jist, <i>just.</i>	Kyte, <i>stomach.</i>
Jo, <i>sweetheart.</i>	Laad, <i>lad.</i>
Joco', <i>cheerful.</i>	Laddock, <i>young lad.</i>
Jook, <i>duck.</i>	Lade, <i>water-course leading to a mill.</i>
Jook, <i>bow down, evade (a blow).</i>	Ladle, (1) <i>long spoon;</i> (2) <i>apparatus used in country church for taking the collection.</i>
Jorum, <i>a glass.</i>	Usually a small box with a long handle.
Jouk, <i>dodge. Same as Jook. Jeukit hame, went home so as to escape notice.</i>	Lady breckan, <i>the lady-fern.</i>
Jow (<i>of a bell</i>), <i>clamour.</i>	Laft, (1) <i>loft; e.g., hay-loft;</i> (2) <i>church-gallery.</i> Work the waster laft, collect the offertory in the western gallery.
Juke, <i>duck.</i>	Laich, läigh, <i>low.</i>
Kail, <i>coldwort, cabbage, broth.</i>	Lair (<i>v.</i>), <i>to sink in mud or moss.</i>
Kail-pat, <i>broth-pot.</i>	Lair, <i>lying-place, grave.</i>
Kaim, <i>kame, comb.</i>	Laird, <i>landed proprietor.</i>
Kebfuck, <i>cheese.</i>	Lairn, <i>learn.</i>
Keepit, <i>kept.</i>	Laith, <i>loth, reluctant.</i>
Kee-vee, <i>qui vive, on the look-out.</i>	Lames, <i>playthings, broken pieces of earthenware so used.</i>
Keek, <i>peep.</i> Keek o' day, <i>dawn.</i>	Lamiter, <i>lame, a lame person.</i>
Ken (<i>v.</i>), <i>know.</i> Past t. and p.p., kenned, past t. also kent.	Lammie, <i>a young lamb.</i>
Kennelt, <i>kindled.</i>	Lane, <i>lonely.</i>
Kep (<i>n.</i>), <i>cap, bonnet.</i>	Lane, <i>alone. E.g., my lane, her lane, his lane, all by my (her, him) self.</i>
Kep, <i>catch, meet. Past t. and p.p., keppit.</i>	Lanely, <i>lonely.</i>
Kilt (<i>v.</i>), <i>tuck up; e.g., kilt yer coaties, tuck up your skirts.</i>	Lanesome, <i>lonesome.</i>
Kin', <i>kind.</i>	Lang, <i>long.</i>
Kin'le, <i>kindle.</i>	Lapstane, <i>lapstone (shoemaker's tool).</i>
Kint, <i>same as kent. See Ken.</i>	Larick, <i>larch-tree.</i>
Kintra, <i>kintry, country.</i>	Lassock, <i>young girl.</i>
Kirk, <i>church.</i>	Lat, <i>let.</i>
Kirkit. <i>The fashion whereby a newly married pair attended church, accompanied by the groomsman and bridesmaid, was called the kirkin'. Hence to be kirkit.</i>	Läuch, <i>laugh.</i>
Kirn, <i>churn. Comin' kirn, churn just as the butter is ready.</i>	Lave, <i>remainaer.</i>
Kist, <i>chest.</i>	Laverock, <i>lav'rock, lark.</i>
Kitchen, <i>something tasty as an extra viand.</i>	Law, <i>hill. E.g., blaeberry law, hill where bilberries grow.</i>
Kitchie, <i>kitchen.</i>	Lay, <i>lathe.</i>
Kitlin, <i>kitten.</i>	Lea, <i>grass-land.</i>
Kittle (<i>adv.</i>), <i>ticklish.</i>	Lea', <i>leave.</i>
Kittly, <i>ticky.</i>	Leadin', <i>leading; i.e., carting in the sheaves of grain from the fields.</i>
Knock, <i>clock.</i>	Leal, <i>faithful, loyal.</i>
Knowe, <i>knoll.</i>	Lea-lang, <i>livelong.</i>
Kyaak, <i>cake, bread.</i>	Learn, <i>teach.</i>
	Leatherin', <i>beating with a leather strap.</i>

Leddy, lady.
Lee (n. or v.), lie (tell lies).
Leelang, lee-lang, livelong.
Leem, loom.
Leen. His leen, alone, by himself.
Leev, levee, live,
Leister, three-pronged salmon-spear.
Let, in "without let," hindrance.
Let on, pretend.
Lench, launch.
Leuch, leugh, laughed.
Licht, light.
Lichtlie, disparage, make little of.
Lichtnín', lightning.
Licket, lickit, punished, thrashed, defeated.
Liefer, rather.
**Liffies, strokes on the hand with cane or
"fawse."**
Lift, heavens.
Liftin', rising slowly (of a trout).
**Lilt (v.), to sing cheerfully; (n.), cheerful
song.**
Limb, used of a child, a mischievous one.
 E.g., a limb o' Satan, a deil's limb.
Link (v.), to trip merrily.
Linn, waterfall.
Lintie, linnet.
Lippen, trust.
Lirk, hollow.
List, 'list, enlist (as a soldier).
Lochan, small lake.
Loe, lo'e, loo, love.
Loon, boy, lad, fellow.
Looten, allowed, let.
Losh be here (interj.), Lord be here!
 (strong affirmative).
Losh keep me! Lord preserve me!
Loup, leap. See **Lowp.**
Loupers, fleas.
Lowe, flame (of a fire).
Lowin', flaming, glowing.
Lowp. See **Loup.**
Loun, lown, sheltered.
Lowse, loosen, cease work.
Ludge, lodge.
Lug, ear.
Luif, palm of the hand.

Luikit, looked.
Lum, chimney, silk hat, chimney pot.
Lunt, smoke (of a pipe),
Luve, love.
Lu'warm, lukewarm.
Lyart, gray with age.
Lythe, pleasant, comfortable.
Ma, my.
Ma certes, ma certie, interjection of affirmation, assuredly.
Maenin', moaning.
Mair, more.
Mairrit, married.
Maist, almost, most.
Maister, master.
Mait, food, meat.
Matter, matter. It's maitter sma', it matters little.
**Make out to (marry on), succeed in
(marrying).**
**"Man's Chief En", the first part of the
"Shorter Catechism."**
**Mappie-moo, child's name for mimulus or
antirrhinum.**
Marrow, equal, match, companion.
Masel', myself.
Mason's mear, trestle for scaffolding.
Mate, match.
'Mang, 'mong, among.
Mauchless, feeble, unable to move. Also spelt mauchtless.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Mavie, mavis, song-thrush.
Mawkin, hare.
Mawkit (of a ewe), infested with maggots.
Mear, mare.
**Mearns, The, old name for the County of
Kincardine.**
Meat (n.), food; (v.), feed. E.g., meat the heis.
Mebbe, maybe, perhaps.
Meen, moon.
Meenister, minister, clergyman.
Meenit, minute.
Mennan, minnow.

GLOSSARY

- Mense, *sense, discretion.*
 Men't, *mended.*
 Mercat, *market.*
 Merriage, *marriage.*
 Merrit, *married.*
 Micht, *might.*
 Michty (*adv.*), *very.* E.g., michty late.
 Midden-heid, *top of the dunghill.*
 Mill, *snuff-box.* See Mull.
 Millert, *miller.*
 Mim, *affectedly reticent.*
 Mind, min', *remember.* Mind mysel',
 preserve my self-respect.
 Minnie, *mother.*
 Mirk, *completely dark, darkness.*
 Misca', *miscall.*
 Mischancy, *unfortunate.*
 Misdoot (*n.*), *slight doubt.*
 Misdoot (*v.*), *suspect.* I sair misdoot,
 I am strongly inclined to think.
 Mislippen, *mistrust, miscalculate.*
 Mither, *mother.*
 Mixter-maxter, mixtie-maxtie, *higgledy-*
 piggledy,
 Mochie, *damp and misty.*
 Monie, mony, *many.*
 Moo (*of a cow*), *to low.*
 Mools, I' the mools, *buried.* Lit., *in*
 the mould.
 Moose, *mouse.*
 Morn. *The morn, to-morrow.*
 Moss, *land where peat is cut.*
 Mou, mou', *mouth,*
 Moudie, *mole (the animal).*
 Mou't, *moult.* In the mou't, *moulted.*
 Mowse. Nae mowse to meddle wi',
 not one to play pranks on.
 Muck (*n.*), *filth;* (*v.*), *clean.* E.g., a
 byre or stable.
 Muckle, *much, large, long.*
 Muir, *moor.*
 Muircock, *moorcock.*
 Mull, (1) *snuff-box.* See Mill. (2), *mill.*
 Mune, müne, *moon.*
 Muntin, *mounting (of brass).*
 Murlack, *crumb.*
 Murn, *mourn.*
- Mutchkin, *a small liquid measure; usually of whisky.*
 My! *an exclamation of surprise.*
- Na, no, not.
 Na, now. E.g., there! na! there! now!
 Nab (*v.*), *take, snatch, seize.*
 Nae, not, no.
 Naebody, *nobody.*
 Naig, *nag.*
 Nain, *own.*
 'Naith, *beneath.*
 Nane, *none.*
 Nate, *neat.*
 Near (*adv.*), *nearly.*
 Near han', *almost.*
 Near-hand, *closely related.*
 Neb, *nose, beak.*
 Neebor, *neighbour.*
 Neegur, *negro.*
 Neep, *turnip.*
 Neiper, *neighbour.*
 Neist, *next.*
 Neive, *clenched fist.*
 Nerra, *narrow.*
 'Neth, *beneath.*
 Neuk, *corner, nook, gable.*
 New-cuttit, *newly cut.*
 New-mawn, *new-mown.*
 News, *an exchange of news.*
 Newsin', *giving of news.*
 Nicht, *night.*
 Nicht-boun', *benighted.*
 Nick-nackets, *nick-nacks.*
 Nickum, *mischievous child.*
 Nid-nod, *nod at intervals.*
 Nievefu', *handful.*
 Nippet, *stingy.*
 Nit, *nut.*
 Nocht, nothing. *Negative form of ocht,*
 anything, aught.
 Noddle, *head.*
 Noo, *now.*
 Noo, The, *at present, just now.*
 Noo's an than's, *now and then.*
 Nor (*sometimes*), than. E.g., please me
 mair nor . . . , more than.

Norlan', <i>Northland.</i>	Pawkie, <i>droll but sly.</i>
Nott, <i>needed.</i>	Pecht, <i>panted; pres. pech.</i>
Nowt, <i>oxen.</i>	Peel, <i>pool.</i>
O', <i>of.</i>	Peengin', <i>lamenting.</i>
Ocht, <i>aught, anything.</i>	Peer, <i>poor.</i>
Ocht, <i>ought, ought to.</i>	Peerie, <i>spinning-top.</i>
Od (aye). <i>Interjection of affirmation, of a certainty.</i>	Peesweep, <i>peewee, lapwing, peerwit.</i>
O'd, <i>of it.</i>	Peety, <i>pity.</i>
Odds, <i>difference; e.g., see an odds.</i>	Peever, <i>flat piece of marble used in children's game of hop-scotch.</i>
On-bye, <i>forward, ahead.</i>	Penny-fee, <i>wage.</i>
Onstead, <i>homestead.</i>	Pent, <i>paint.</i>
Onwal, <i>annual.</i>	Phrasee, <i>fuss.</i>
Ony, <i>any.</i>	Pickle, <i>very small quantity. See Puckle.</i>
'Oo', <i>wool.</i>	Picter, <i>picture.</i>
Oelet, <i>oulet.</i>	Piece, <i>bread with butter, jam or other relish.</i>
Onendin', <i>endless.</i>	Pinkie, <i>little finger.</i>
Oor, 'oor, <i>hour.</i>	Pints, <i>shoe-laces.</i>
Oor(s), <i>our(s).</i>	Pirl, <i>plash, purl.</i>
Oot, <i>out.</i>	Pirn (<i>n.</i>), <i>reel, spool or bobbin; (v.) reel in (a line).</i>
Oot-by, ootbye, oot-bye, <i>out of doors.</i>	Pit, <i>put; p.p., pitten or pit.</i>
Or, 'or, <i>ere, before.</i>	Pitcher, <i>a kind of marble.</i>
Or'nar', <i>ordinary.</i>	Plantin', <i>copse.</i>
Orra, odd <i>Orra loon, lad of all work.</i>	Plet, <i>plaited.</i>
Orra-like, <i>odd-looking.</i>	Pleyt'rinn', <i>making a noise among water.</i>
Ourie, <i>chill and gloomy.</i>	Plicht, <i>plight.</i>
Ower, owi, owre, <i>over, too.</i>	Pliskie, <i>plisky, mischievous trick.</i>
Owsen, <i>oxen.</i>	Plewman, <i>plooman, ploughman.</i>
Oxter (<i>n.</i>), armpit; (<i>v.</i>) <i>assist by giving an arm.</i>	Ploo, <i>ploogh, plough.</i>
Oxter pooch, <i>pocket under the armpit.</i>	Ploom, <i>plum.</i>
Pack, <i>the bundle carried by a "packman" or pedlar.</i>	Plowter-plowtrin', <i>fussing about uselessly.</i>
Pailin', <i>paling, fence.</i>	Ploy, <i>adventure, escapade.</i>
Painch, <i>paunch, stomach.</i>	Plunk, <i>play truant, play truant from.</i>
Pairt, <i>part.</i>	Poddock, <i>frog. See Puddock.</i>
Pairtrick, <i>partridge.</i>	Pock (<i>v.</i>), <i>to mark as with small-pox.</i>
Palmer, <i>wander (as a pilgrim).</i>	Poke, <i>bag.</i>
Pandrop, <i>a large peppermint sweetmeat.</i>	Pooch, <i>pocket.</i>
Panged, <i>close-packed.</i>	Pook, <i>pluck.</i>
Pap, <i>throw gently.</i>	Poopit, <i>pulpit.</i>
Park, <i>grass field, paddock.</i>	Poo'r, <i>power,</i>
Parritch, <i>porridge.</i>	Pooshan, <i>poison.</i>
Pattie, <i>small pot.</i>	Porritch, <i>porridge.</i>
Paun'er (pander), <i>wander aimlessly.</i>	Port, <i>in bowling, a means of approach.</i>
	Pot, <i>deep pool.</i>
	Poussie, <i>hare.</i>

GLOSSARY

- Pouther, powder, gunpowder.
 Pow, head (*poll*).
 Powet, tadpole.
 Powets' creels, baskets made of rushes by children at play.
 Pownie, pony.
 Free, taste.
 Preen, pin.
 Priggit, entreated, prayed.
 Prood, proud.
 Protty, pretty.
 Provand, food, provender.
 Pu', pluck, pull.
 Puckle, very small quantity. See Pickle.
 Puddock, frog. See Poddock.
 Puir, poor.
 Püle, pool. Burn a pool, poach salmon with torchlights.
 Pummel't, pounded.
 Pun', pond, pound (either of weight or pound sterling).
 Pyke, pick. E.g., with a sharp implement.
- Quat, quit.
 Quait, quaité, quate, quiet.
 Quately, quietly.
 Quateness, quietness.
 Quean, young woman. See Queyn.
 Queel, cool.
 Quey, heifer.
 Queyn, young woman. See Quean,
 Quo, quo', quoth.
- Rack, burst by straining.
 Raggit, ragged.
 Ragie, choleric.
 Raise, rose; p. tense of rise.
 Raither, rather.
 Rake, a load carried. E.g., a rake o' muck.
 Rale (*adv.*), very (*really*).
 Rale, real.
 Rampauge (*n.* or *v.*), rush about vigorously.
 Randan, wild exploit.
 Randie (*n.*), virago, ruffian.
- Randy-beggar, one who extorts money using violent language and gesture.
 Rankit, arranged, laid out.
 Rant, merry tune.
 Rantin', ranting, singing gaily.
 Rape, rope.
 Raploch, coarse homespun cloth.
 Rashion, ration (*soldier's*).
 Rauch, rough, course.
 Raw, row, rank.
 Rax, reach, extend, stretch.
 Rayther, rather.
 Ream, cream.
 Reamin', brim-full,
 "Reasons annexed." Part of the "Shorter Catechism."
 Redd, arrange, put in order; p.p., redd.
 Redd up, explain, make clear.
 Red-theekit, red-haired (*lit.*, red-thatched).
 Ree, fowl-run, enclosure.
 Reed-cheekit, red-cheeked.
 Reef, roof.
 Reek, smoke.
 Reel-rall, topsy-turvy.
 Reemish, a sounding blow.
 Reeze (*n.* or *v.*), praise.
 Reid, red.
 Reid-cheikit, red-cheeked.
 Reistle, rustle.
 Reive, to plunder.
 Remead, remedy, cure.
 Rhone, gutter.
 Richt, right.
 Riddel, sieve.
 Ride the water on, Nae to, not to be trusted.
 Rig, rigg, (1) ridge; (2) attire.
 Rin, run.
 Roadit, on the way.
 Roch, rough.
 Rodden-tree, rowan-tree.
 Roon, roond, round.
 Roost, rust.
 Ropit, tied with rope.
 Ro'sey, Rothesay.
 Rosit, resin.
 Rotten, rat.

GLOSSARY

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Roun', round.	Scaur, a projecting rock.
Roup (n.), an auction sale; (v.), to sell by auction.	Schaw, scene, show.
Routh, rowth, abundance.	Schule, school.
Row, roll, wrap up.	Slim', climb.
Rowe, roll.	Scoor, scamper.
Rowe, purl (of a brook).	Scoor, scour, polish.
Ruck, rick.	Scowth, freedom.
Ruck-foun's, hay-rick stances (foundations).	Scrammelin', scrambling,
Rug, pull, tug.	Scrape o' the pen, a letter.
Ruit, root.	Scrimp, niggardly.
Rum'le, rumble, rumble.	Scrog, a stunted bush.
Rung, a staff.	Scunner, disgust.
Runkle, wrinkle.	Seeker, woer.
Runt, root. Kail-runt, cabbage-stalk.	Seep, soak.
Rype, turn out for inspection.	Seeven, seven.
Ryve, tear to pieces.	Segg, sedge.
Sab, sob.	Ser', serve.
Sae, so.	Set, in "the girse was set," let to tenants.
Saft, soft.	Setterday, Saturday.
Saip, soap.	Shae-lace, shoe-lace.
Saipy, soapy.	Shair, sure.
Sair, sairly, sore, sorely.	Shairn, cow-dung.
Sairness, pain, soreness.	Shalt, pony. See Shelt.
'Sakes, interj. of surprise. Contr. for "God's sake!"	Shaltie, small pony.
Sam Browne, an officer's military belt.	Shanna, shall not.
Sall, shall.	Shauchle, shuffling walk,
Sang, song.	Shaw, (1) copse; (2) ground sloping to a plain,
Sanshach, saucy.	Sheafs, sheaves, bundles.
Sapples, soapy water.	Shedow, shadow.
Sark, shirt.	Sheemach, matted.
Sattled, settled.	Sheen (adj.), shining.
Sauch, saugh, willow.	Sheen, shoes.
Saumon, salmon.	Sheet, shoot.
Saund, sand.	Sheilin', a house of simple kind, hut.
Saut, salt.	Shelt, pony. See Shalt.
Saw, salve, ointment.	Sherp, sharp.
Saw (corn), sow (oats).	Sheuch, bury.
Sawbath, Sabbath.	Sheugh, gutter.
Sax, six.	Shillans, grain freed from husks.
Saxty, sixty.	Shilpit, shrunken as through illness, emaciated.
Scairlet, scarlet.	Shirpit, shrunken.
Scart, scratch, strike (a match). Scart o' the pen, a letter.	Shoggly, unsteady.
Scaur, scare.	Shoo, sew.
	Shoo'er, shower.
	Shoogy-shoo, gentle swing.

GLOSSARY

Shool, shovel.	Slee, cunning, sly.
Shoon, shoes.	Sleekit, smooth, sky.
Shooder, shoother, shou'der, shouther, shoulder.	Slip, go quietly, so as to escape notice.
Shoppie, small shop.	Slock, slacken, quench (thirst).
Shortsome, pleasant, quick-passing.	Slum'er, slumber.
Shoud, swing, jolt.	Sma', small, fine.
Shou'der-win', the blacksmith. Cf. "Burn the wind."	Smairtly, smartly.
Shue, sew.	Smeddum, vigour, power to smite.
Shuir, sure.	Smeeky, smoky.
Shune, shoes.	Smirr, slight fall of rain or snow.
Shüre, sure.	Smoor, smother.
Sib, related by blood, akin.	Smoory, drizzlu.
Sic, such.	Snash, ill-tongue.
Siccan, such.	Snaw, snorw.
Sich, sob, sigh.	Sneck (v.), fasten, shut in.
Sicht, sight.	Snell, cold, biting.
Siller, silver, money.	Snick, cut (as with scissors).
Simmer, summer.	Snod, neat, tidy.
Sin', since.	Snoot, point, snout.
Since syne, sinsyne, since the time when...	Snowk, perceive by smell.
Sinsyne, ago.	Snuff-mull, snuff-box.
Sinder, to divide, sunder.	Snuffy, crabbed, ill-tempered.
Siver, an open drain.	Socht, sought.
Sizzen, season.	Soddit, plastered with sods.
Skaalie, slate pencil. See Skailie.	Sodger, sojer, soldier.
Skail, (1) disperse, e.g. of a gathering; (2) spill.	Some (adv.), somewhat.
Skailie, slate-pencil. See Skaalie.	Sonsie, sturdy, well-built.
Skair, scare, surprise.	Soo, sow. Beddin's soo, littering his pig.
Skeely, skilful.	Sood, should.
Skelf, splinter of wood.	Soodnae, should not.
Skellach, wild mustard.	Sook, suck.
Skelp, slap.	Soom, swim.
Skep, beehive.	Soon', soun', sound.
Skirl, scream, sound shrilly.	Soop, sweep.
Skirt, to hurry.	Sooper, sweeper.
Skite, pelt (of rain).	Soople, pliable, flexible.
Sklate, slate.	Sooter, shoemaker.
Skreich, shriek.	Sooth, south.
Skreek o' day, skreek o' mornin', skreigh o' day, dawn	Sort, deal with, put right.
Skweel, school.	Sotter, burn to the bone (of flesh).
Slae, sloe, blackthorn.	Sou (of hay), large rectangular stack.
Slap, breach in a stone dyke.	Soucht, soight.
Slaw, slow.	Souder, solder.
	Sough, sigh (as of the wind).
	Soundin' box, resonator fixed over a pulpit.
	Souple, pliant.
	Sowl, soul.

Spae, tell fortunes by reading the hand.	Stoor, dust.
Spail, splinter.	Stoory, dusty.
Spainyie, cane.	Stoot, stout, strapping.
Spate, flood.	Stot (n.), bullock.
Specs, spectacles.	Stot (v.) (1) rebound; (2) stagger.
Speel, speil, spel, climb.	Stoun', thrill. See Stoon.
Speer, spoon.	Stour, dust.
Speer, speir, spier, ask.	Stoury, dusty.
Speet, spit, pierce.	Stown, stolen.
Spew, vomit.	Stowp, wooden pitcher.
Spiled, spoiled.	Strae, straw.
Splairge, splash.	Strathspey, a Scots dance tune. "His ain strathspey" in "The Whistle" is "Pop goes the Weasel."
Splore, frolic, revel.	Straucht, straught, strecht, straight.
Spring, dance-tune.	Stravaig, wander.
Spunk, (1) match, (2) spark.	Streek, lay out, stretch (as a corpse).
Spurkle, porridge-stick.	Streen. See The streen.
Squeel, school.	stroop, spout (of a kettle).
Sta', stall.	Strouds, snatches.
Stairt, start.	Strype, a rill, very tiny stream.
Stane, stone.	Stuipet, stupid.
Stang, (1) sting, (2) tongue of a Jew's harp.	Sud, should.
Stap, (1) fill up, (2) shove forcibly.	Sudna, should not.
Starn, starnie, star.	Sughin', sucking dry (of an empty pipe).
Staucher, stagger.	Sune, soon.
Staun', stana,	Surse me, exclamation of surprise, mingled with resignation.
Staur, star.	Swack, strong, vigorous.
Staury, starry.	Swall, swell.
Staw, satisfy to satiety, disgust.	Swap, exchange.
Steed, stood.	Swat, perspired, sweated.
Steek (n.), stitch.	Swatch, sample (strictly of cloth).
Steek (v.), (1) latch (a door); (2) close (an eyelid).	Swee (v.), to swing gently, sway.
Steen, stone.	Swel, swill.
Steeny, stony.	Sweem, swim.
Steen-chacket. stone-chat.	Sweer, sweert, sweir, sweired, sweirt, reluctant,
Steer (n. and v.), stir, bustle.	Sweetie wife, woman who sells sweets.
Stent, pull, haul.	Swippert, active, lithe.
Stert, start, begin.	Swither, hesitate.
Stibblet, cleared of stubble.	Syne, (1) since, (2) thereafter, (3) accord- ingly.
Still an' on, none the less.	Tack, lease, span (of life).
Stilpert, high-stepping.	Tae, toe.
Stirk, bullock.	Ta'en, taken.
Stook (v.), stack; (n.), stack (bunch of sheaves of oats).	
Stoon, thrill. See Stoun'.	
Stoop, stoup, support, pillar.	

- Tag, *tawse*, leather strap used for punishment in schools.
- Taigle, *delay*.
- Tail, *skirt*. Kilt my tail, tuck up my skirt, to secure freedom for work or walking.
- Tail, in "tail o' a nicht," end.
- Tait, small quantity.
- Tak, take.
- Takie, "tig" (*a game*).
- Tane, the one of two, as opposed to ticher, the other.
- Tong, sharp flavour. E.g. of salt or sea air.
- Tantrum, frenzy.
- Tap, top.
- Tappit hen, jar for liquor.
- Tapsalteerie, tapsilteerie, upside down.
- Tattie, potato.
- Tattie-plooms, potato-apples.
- Tauld, told.
- Tawse, leather strap used in school for inflicting punishment.
- Tchyauve, toil.
- Tee, too.
- Teem, empty. See Toom.
- Teen, tune. In an ill teen, in a bad humour.
- Teen (v.), took.
- Teer, tear (*in cloth*).
- Teet, peep.
- Tell't, tel't, told.
- Tent. Tak tent, mind, take care.
- Tentie, heedful.
- Term. The term, removal term.
- Terrivee, upheaval.
- Teuch, tough.
- Teuchat, lapwing.
- Teuched, toughened.
- Teug, tug.
- Thack (n. or v.), thatch.
- Thae, these.
- Than, then.
- The-day, to-day.
- Thegither, together.
- The nicht, to-night. Cf. The morn, to-morrow.
- Thenk, thank.
- The noo, just now.
- The streen, yestreen, last evening.
- Theek, thatch.
- Thirl, engage, hire.
- Thirled, bound, enthralled.
- Thir's, there is.
- Thocht, thought.
- Thole, endure.
- Thon (alt. form of "yon"), yonder. Like thon, in yonder fashion.
- Thoom, thumb.
- Thow, thaw.
- Thowless, lacking energy and spirit.
- Thra', skew, twist. Athing here's a thra', everything here is awry.
- Thrang (adj.), numerous, busy.
- Thrapple, windpipe.
- Thraw (v.), contend.
- Thraw, a stubborn person.
- Thrawn, stubborn, determined.
- Threep, threip, insist.
- Threeve, prospered, thrrove.
- Threid, thread.
- Throu, through. Throu's, through his.
- Thrummin', noisy.
- Throu'ther (through ither), throw'ther, throwther, harum-scarum.
- Thummle, thimble.
- Thump up, to do vigorously.
- Thunner, thunder.
- Ticht, tight.
- Tid, humour.
- Tig, touch (*child's game*).
- Til, till, to.
- Tim, empty. See Toom.
- Timmer (adj.), tone-deaf.
- Timmer (n.), timber.
- Tine, lose. See Tyne.
- Tinny, tin mug.
- Tint, lost; past t. of tine, tyne, to lose.
- Tinkler, tinker, gipsy.
- Tip, ram. See Tup.
- Tire (n.), feeling of tiredness.
- Tirl, set in motion.
- Tither, other, opposed to tane, one.
- Tocher, dowry.

Token.	To take a token, to go to communion in church.	Unctioneer, auctioneer.
Toom,	empty.	Unkent, unknown, strange.
Toon,	toun, town.	Up-by, up-bye, up above.
Tow,	rope.	Uphaud, uph ld.
Towmond,	truelvemonth, year.	Usquebae, whisky.
Trackie,	small tract.	
Traik,	to wander about.	Vera, very.
Traivel,	travel (often implies walking).	Vrocht, wrought, worked
Trauchle,	hardship, sore labour.	
Traucholt,	overburdened, overwrought.	Wa', wall.
Travise,	a wooden partition.	Wab, web.
Tred,	trade.	Wad, (1) would; (2) wager.
Treddle,	treadle (of a hand-loom).	Wadna, would not.
Trewsers,	trousers.	Waddia', wedding.
Trig,	trim, neat.	Wae (n.), woes; (adj.) sorrowful.
Troke,	barter.	Waesome, doleful.
Trokes,	petty business (a contemptuous term).	Wag at-the-wa', hanging clock with exposed pendulum.
Troot,	trout.	Wahnie, wand (fishing-rod).
Truith,	truth.	Wale (n. and v.), pick, choice, choose.
Trump,	a Jew's harp.	Wall, well (of water).
Tryst (n.),	meeting arranged, rendezvous,	Wame, stomach.
	bargain.	Waner, wan'er, wander.
Tryst (v.),	engage, make an engagement with.	Wanworth, unworthy ode.
	Tryst him awa', lure him away,	Wap, blow,
Tummel,	tumble.	Ware (v.), spend.
Tup,	ram. See Tip.	Wark, work.
Turse,	truss, tie into bundles. E.g., wool.	Warl', warld, world.
Twa,	twae, two.	Warsle, warstle, wrestle, struggle.
Twaesome,	two, pair (implies close connection).	Warst, worst.
Twa-han',	two-handed; i.e., between two people.	Wa's, ways. Come yer wa's, come away.
Twal,	twelve.	Washin'-bine, wooden wash-tub.
Twa-three,	two or three, a few.	Wast, west.
'Tweesh,	'twixt, between.	Waster, western.
Tweetle,	whistle softly.	Wat, know, affirm.
Twine,	separate.	Wat, wet.
Tyauve,	effort, push, struggle.	Watter, water.
Tyke,	dog.	Waucht, draught.
Tyler,	tailor.	Wauger, wager.
Tyne,	lose; p.p., tint.	Wauken, waken.
Unbreekit,	effeminate.	Wauk, walk.
Unco	(adv.), very; (n.) oddity, curiosities; (adj.) exceptional, strange, unusual, weird.	Waukrife, wakeful.
		Waur, worse.
		Wean, child (wee ane).
		Wear awa', pass away.
		Wearit, wearied, tired.

GLOSSARY

- Wecht, weicht, *weight*.
 Wechtit, *weighted*.
 Wee, *small*.
 Weeda wife, *widow woman*.
 Week, *corner*.
 Weel, *well*.
 Weel-a-wat, *well I know*.
 Weel-faured, *well-favoured, good-looking*.
 Weel-huakit, *well-sharpened*.
 Weepies, *ragworts*.
 Weer, *wear*.
 Weet, *wet*.
 Weird, *destiny*.
 Wersh, *insipid*,
 Weskit, *waistcoat*.
 Wey, *way*. The *wey, the reason why*.
 E.g., the *wey* I shun the kirk, *my reason for shunning church*.
 Weyt, *wait*.
 Weyve, *wave*.
 Wha, *whae, who*.
 Whang, *a large portion*. E.g., a whang o' cheese. *The old road from Edinburgh to Lanark is called the Lang Whang Road. Tradition ascribes the name to a remark of King James the Fifth, who called it "a lang whang o' a road."*
 Whan, *when*.
 Whar, *whaur, where*.
 Whase, *whose*.
 Whaun, *wand*.
 Whaup, *curlew*.
 Wheen, *a considerable number*.
 Wheeple, *whistle loudly*.
 Wheesht (*interj. commanding silence*), *hush!*
 Haud your wheesht, *be silent*.
 Whiles, *at times*.
 Whilk, *which*.
 Whin, *when*.
 Whilly, *wile*.
 Whisht, *whist! be quiet!* See Wheesht.
 Whit, *what*.
 Whit wey, *why*.
 Whip-the-cat, *an itinerant tailor*.
 Whup, *whip*.
 Whus'le, *whussle, whistle, whistle*.
 Whustlen', *whistling*.
- Wicht, *wight*.
 Wid, *wood*.
 Widda, *widow*.
 Wide, *wade*.
 Wimplin', *rippling*.
 Win, *reach*. Win oot, *be allowed out*.
 Win', *wind*.
 Win'-casten, *blown down*.
 Winda, *windie, window*.
 Winna, *will not*.
 Winner, *wonder*.
 Winnerfu', *wonderful*.
 Winnock, *little window*.
 Wi'oot, *without*.
 Wir, *our*.
 Wird, *word*.
 Wirsels, *ourselves*.
 Wiselike, *wise-like, decent, sagacious, prudent*.
 Wisna, *was not*.
 Wistna, *knew not*.
 Wob, *web*.
 Won'er, *wonder*.
 Won, *dwell*.
 Woo', *wool*.
 Worsit, *worsted*.
 Wrang, *wrong*.
 Wrocht, *worked, wrought*.
 Wud, *would*.
 Wude, *wood*.
 Wumman, *woman*.
 Wunner, *wonder*.
 Wunnerfu', *wonderful*.
 Wuss, *wish*.
 Wy, wye, *way*.
 Wyce, *wise*.
 Wynd, *lane*.
 Wyte, *blame, fault*.
 Wyver, *spider*.
- Yae, one, alternative form of ae.
 YaIRD, *garden, courtyard*.
 Yal, *vigorous*.
 Yalla, *yellow*.
 Yaumer, *talk peevishly*.
 Yella'-yte, *yellow-hammer*.
 Yerl, *earl*.

Ye'se, *you shall.*
Yestreen, *last evening.*
Yett, *gate.*
Yill, *ale.*
Yin, *one.*
Yird, *yirth, earth.*
Yirlin, *yellow-hammer.*

Yon, *yonder, that over there.*
Yonner, *yonder.*
Yont, *yonder, beyond. Hither and yont,
far and near.*
Youkie, *itchy.*
Yow, *yowie, fir-cone.*
Yowe, *ewe.*





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